

# ARK

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*Ronald Johnson*

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## THE FOUNDATIONS

1-33

*for Donald and Patricia Anderson*

"The universe is a slumbering animal that has visions"  
— *Edward Dahlberg*

"anything shut in with you can sing"  
— *Gertrude Stein*

BEAM 1

Over the rim  
body of earth                      rays exit sun  
rest to full velocity to eastward pinwheeled in a sparrow's

eye  
— Jupiter compressed west to the other —

wake waves on wave in wave striped White Throat song

along the reversal of one  
contra-  
centrifugal  
*water to touch, all knowledge*

as if a several silver  
backlit in gust.

All night the golden fruit fell softly to the air,  
pips ablaze, our eyes skinned back.  
Clouds loom below. Pocked moon fills half the sky. Stars  
comb out its lumen  
horizon  
in a gone-to-seed dandelion  
as of snowflakes hitting black water, time, and again,

then dot the plain  
186,282 cooped up angels tall as appletrees

caraytid  
one sudden tide of day

O

wide bloom the pathed earth yawn  
on purpose porpoised pattern  
this reeled world whistling joist its polished fields of sun  
pulse race in a vase of beings, bearings  
all root fold forms upon  
to center eternity  
or enter it  
*instruments of change.*

and bareback as Pegasus guess us

## BEAM 2

Cloud to ground, the ice electrons move — negative to positive — in stepped bright thrust. Each fifty yard step occurs in less than one one-millionth of a second, the whole zig-zag one to ten yards in luminous diameter. This but corona to a rose-prickle core hotter than the surface of the sun. Positive to negative — the stroke returns gigantic spark, its many-stroked flash a flicker faster than the eye. Every 'point' on this returned jagged channel knocks molecules for miles in links . . .

The circumambient!

in balanced dissent:  
enlightenment — on abysm bent.

Angels caged

in what I see,  
externity in gauged  
antiphony.

A lineaged clarity.

(Mid-age. Brought to my knee.)  
1935-70

The altitude  
unglued

A god in a cloud,  
aloud.

Exactitude the flood.

### BEAM 3

*I KNEW THEN THAT I HAD COME TO A PLACE*  
— one after another (pale sulphur yellow, pale golden citron)  
as a radius of moths, bull's-eye to light —

*months dandelion to the instant*

‘cornea’: The horny transparent membrane  
in the forepart of the eye  
through which the rays of light pass.

‘corona’: A halo or luminous circle — crown — around  
one of the heavenly bodies.  
A spectre seen during total eclipse of suns  
or circumference  
of a radiated composite flower.

mind over (under, behind, ahead) matter  
*fireearthair & water*  
*imagining themselves cornflowers*  
*as seen by man*

/of the shuffle, flux to core, the last card turned the first/  
‘The Juggler’  
shape-shifter/mirror of forms/the ever-  
uncoiling, slip-slap quicksilver

A WALKING STREAM

THE WAKING DREAM

"At the same time I saw myself in him, reflected as in a mirror, and it seemed to me that I was looking at myself through his eyes. But another feeling told me there was nothing in front of me but the blue sky and that within myself a window opened..."

*through which The Voices called each to each*

: *How to explain* :  
*the blind design,*  
*or make it sane behind its shine?*  
*How to inquire*  
*within*  
*the fire?*

through which reached hand to write  
where the inner regions, tangled along polarized  
garland, turn faster than the outer

## BEAM 4

The human eye, a sphere of waters and tissue, absorbs an energy that has come ninety-three million miles from another sphere, the sun. The eye may be said to be sun in other form.

It is part of a spectrum of receptors, and if we could only 'see' more widely the night sky would be 'brighter' than the moon. Matter smaller than the shortest wavelength of light cannot be seen.

Pressure on the surface of an eye makes vision, though what these same pressures focus to the radial inwardness of a dragonfly in flight is unimaginable. Through pressure also, the head-over-heels is crossed right-side-up, in eye as camera. (It is possible to take a cow's eyeball and thin the rear wall of it with a knife, fit it front forward in a tube, and the tube pointed at an elm will image an upside down elm).

The front of the eye is a convex glass, alive, and light bent through its curve strikes a lens. This lens is behind an iris — pushing it into the shape of a volcano. In light, the iris appears as a rayed core of color, its center hole dilating dark to day, transformed instantly into what man's twined inner hemispheres call sight.

The retina is its bowl-shaped back — the cones at retinal center growing through intersections with rods, toward rods at the rim. Through this mesh, ray seizes ray to see. In the rods there is a two-part molecule that is unlinked by light. One quantum of light unlinks one molecule, and five rods are needed to perceive the difference. Some stars are at this threshold, and can only be seen by the sides of the eyes. The eye can see a wire .01 inch in diameter at a distance of 100 yards. The retina itself seeks equilibrium.

Though to look at the sun directly causes blindness, sight is an intricately precise tip of branched energy that has made it possible to measure the charge of solar storm, or to calculate nova. It is possible that all universe is of a similar form.

Our eyes are blue for the same reason sky is, a scattering of reflectors: human eyes have only brown pigment.

In the embryo two stalks push from the brain, through a series of infoldings, to form optic cups. Where the optic cup reaches surface, the surface turns in and proliferates in the shape of an ingrowing mushroom. The last nerve cells to form are those farthest from light.

If I sit at my table and look at the shaft of light which enters a glass filled with water — and exits rainbow — then move my head to the left, the shaft and glass move right, and the window behind them, left. If I stand up and step to the table, the glass at its edge moves downward, while the far end of the table, and the window with it, rise straight up in the air.

No one knows the first man to stare long at a waterfall, then shift his gaze to the cliff face at its side, to find the rocks at once flow upward. But we have always known the eye to be unsleeping, and that all men are lidless Visionaries through the night. Mind & Eye are a logarithmic spiral coiled from periphery. This is called a 'spiral sweep' — a biological form which combines (as do galaxies) economy with beauty. (We define 'beauty' from symmetrical perceptions): *subjects observing a flickered pulsation of light have seen something like a Catherine-wheel reversing rotation, with a center of fine detail.* Men have found cells sensitive to light in the hearts of snails.

The human lens grows flatter for looking across a prairie, and the sparrow is able to see the seed beneath its bill — and in the same instant the hawk descending. A cat watches the sparrow-at-the-end-of-the-world in a furred luminosity of infra-reds, enormous purples.

After a long time of light, there began to be eyes, and light began looking with itself. At the exact moment of death the pupils open full width.

## BEAM 5, *The Voices*

the loom, the x of the instant  
looped to time: windmill-ply of the plenum, laced  
ion

eon  
:the actuals, like kingfishers  
flashing across pools: minnow beneath flicker:  
image to image:  
*that-which-consumes and*  
— blaze within blaze within blaze —

*that-which-gives-light:*  
'the quick, the ag-ile, Ag-nis, ig-nis'  
center/circumference in

one  
:the outside in a nutshell:

*out magnifying  
being  
:*

c i r c  
l e c i  
r c l e

moon

in mind in

wave wave wave wave wave

eyeyeye

form from form from form from form

'play'd by the picture of No-body'

*whose bright stripes & broad stars*

pinpointeddyshuttlecrossroadssword

(a-hinged-magnetic-up-and-down-on)

all a bowed honeycomb space become

*Music, anatomy — an atomed Euridice*

as if of fireflies in relief

to turning earth

&

thunder, cymbal mazed in timpani of smattering,

arm's electron's long way

back

## BEAM 6, *The Musics*

Let flick his tail, the darkling Lion, down to the primal  
huddle fiddling DNA.

Let the Elephant ruffle the elements in The Great Looped  
Nebula with his uplift trunk.

Let the Binary, orange, emerald, and blue, in the foot of  
Andromeda run awhisker with Mouse.

Let the Dickcissel, in Cock's-foot, Foxtail, & Tottering,  
ring one molecular ornamentation on tau Ceti.

Let the Switch Snake lilt bluegrass back and forth be-  
tween pelucid cells.

Let Porcupine rattle quill, in a Casseopia of Hollyhock.

Let the whinny of Pigeons' wings trigger similar strains  
from elm to Triangulum.

Let a score for matter's staccato to cornstalk be touted to  
stars clustering The Archer's wrist.

Let the stripes of Zebra be in time with the imaginary  
House of Mozart, on Jupiter.

## BEAM 7

Sound is sea: pattern lapping pattern. If we erase the air and slow the sound of a struck tuning-fork in it, it would make two sets of waves interlocking the invisibility in opposite directions.

As the prong of the fork moved one way, it compresses the air at its front, which layer in turn relieves its compression by expanding the layer in front, and so back to back. As it started the other direction it leaves the air in front (opposite) immediately rarefied. The air beyond this expands to the rarefaction — itself becoming rarefied — forth and forth.

*Compression rarefaction compression rarefaction:* these alternate equidistant forces travel at the rate of 1,180 feet per second through the elasticity of air, four times that through water (whale to singing whale), and fifteen times as fast through pure steel. Men have put ear to earth to hear in advance of air.

Pattern laps pattern, and as they joined, Charles Ives heard the 19th Century in one ear, and the 20th out the other, then commenced to make a single music of them. The final chord of the 2nd Symphony is a reveille of all notes at once, his *The Fourth of July* ends with a fireworks of thirteen rhythmic patterns zigzagging through the winds and brasses, seven percussion lines criss-crossing these, the strings divided in twenty-fours going up and down every-which-way — and all in FFFF.

Both tuning fork and Fourth are heard by perturbations of molecules, through ever more subtle stumbling blocks, in spiral ricochet, to charged branches treeing a brain.

The outer earshell leads to a membrane drum — and what pressure needed to sound this drum is equal to the intensity of light and heat received from a 50 watt electric bulb at the distance of 3,000 miles in empty space. (Though sound cannot travel, as light, through the void.) At the threshold of hearing the eardrum may be misplaced as little as a diameter of the smallest atom, hydrogen.

This starts a 'hammer' to strike an 'anvil' which nudges a 'stirrup' — all, bones — against a drum known as The Oval window. Shut to air, this window vibrates another windowed membrane, tuning a compressed fluid between. *Here, also, is couched our sense of the vertical.*

A resonance is set up in a spiral shell-shape receptor turned with yet another, also spiral, membrane. This is the pith of labyrinth, and as sound waves themselves it trembles two directions at once, crosswise and lengthwise.

The mind begins early to select from the buzz and humdrum, till most men end hearing nothing, when the earth speaks, but their own voices. Henry David Thoreau seems to have been the first man to re-learn to hear that *Moto Perpetuo* of the actual: the Greeks strung their lyre to the planets, but Thoreau heard his stretched from first dark sparrow to last dog baying moon.

While a bat uses its ears to see, its optics overtones, the fly hears only in frequencies of its own (and other) flywings. I know the housefinch singing outside the window just now heard its own song with slower and lower ear than mine, but I do not know what this means, or how it rings in finchskull. (Though all animals have an auditory range which includes hearing what they can eat, and what can eat them.)

A man once set out to see birds, but found instead he'd learned to listen: an ear better unwinds the simultaneous warblers in a summer birchwood. There, he came upon an Orpheus, all marble, spiral shell to the ear of his Euridice. Turning the other way, he saw Orpheus again, listening to harmonies of midges in sun, the meadow like a nightingale around him. Cat's purr, moth-wing.

The physicists tell us that all sounding bodies are in a state of stationary vibration, and that when the word *syzygy* last shook atoms, its boundary was an ever slighter pulse of heat, and hesitation of heat. Matter delights in music, and became Bach. Its dreams are the abyss and empyrean, and to that end, may move, in time, the stones themselves to sing.

BEAM 8

Line eye us.  
Web stir us.

— as the eye leaves outside of itself the object it sees —  
the mind weaves it

of itself  
incessant shuttle to external's  
shelf

point . circle . point  
(a double cone in counterpoint)  
within, without

AS I PASS THROUGH A WINDOW REFLECTED BEHIND ME  
in a glass  
held in my hand, behold:

wind Os wind Os

wind Os wind Os

wind Os wind Os

wind Os wind Os

— ripple-intersecting circles  
Open, Close —

in equipoise through the nuclei's 'quadrupole  
moments'

mag-nets-nets-nets

&c.

...beyond utterance.

Linkings, inklings,  
around the stem & branches of the nervetree —  
shudder and shutterings, sensings.

SENSE *sings*.

"A world where chaos and cosmos are interlaced and superimposed,  
where anything may happen,

but nothing happens twice"

— perceive! perceive! Reality is 'make' believe.

(that everything happens at once is the form of The Dance)

:THAT EAR IS FIRMAMENT TO CRICKET  
THUMBPRINT FLOOR TO GALAXY:

*I am alive* as long as there is fire in my head

and sing for my supper, out of the mouth of the dead.

( )

Ernst Mach  
hallucinated a candle  
lit

in a beaker of water:

hallucinated  
means  
'to mind travel'

(or, the language torques focus as black holes of space  
are pores to a skin of a face we're in)

What it is looking at is the Aught ignite, each bud  
a lamp,  
bent in water beaker  
behind your eyes curved  
on reflecting surface of cylinder  
(with triple cross-barred window behind head mirrored four sails  
to soapbubble  
polyverse)

— *only matter could 'make up' anti-matter* —

*The Definition of  
Perception:*

)(

(like seeing gravity throwing apples  
sideways off trees)

within

"*Conical refraction*; the refraction of a single ray of light, under certain conditions, into an infinite number of rays in the form of a hollow, luminous cone, and consisting of two kinds, namely, *external conical refraction* and *internal conical refraction*, the ray in the former issuing from the refraction crystal as a

cone with its vertex at the point of emergence, and in the latter being converted into a cone on entering the crystal, and issuing

cylinder."

(the glass on Webster)

from the roots 'break' 'branch'

*as the leaves part on Leonardo's Orpheus of Proportions  
in flight among the square, circle  
square, circle square of*

BEAM 9

Daedal, the seamless seen — the screen of seem:

Lave & Weave

Wave & Leave

*le dur désir de durer*

(sound as clear as light, for smithy)

-node-to-gyre-

“And then went down to the”

planet

at about the velocity of a leaf drift

down from oak a windless day, and landed pink sky stippled

apricock, upon a terra-cotta sand.

to transmit *sic transit*

*in excelsis*

this

BEAM 10

*daimon* diamond Monad I

Adam Kadmon in the sky

BEAM 11, *Finial*

The thrust  
is thirst:

enough to whirl Neptune, in its orbit, three-billion miles  
away  
or curl the fern stalk up.

Coalescent holocaust  
(which means The-Whole-Growing-Together-Through-Fire)  
to gyroscope  
emits in layers rays of many lengths.

*Its corona is the moth-  
winged shape  
a float of dust on water makes  
from out an apple  
transfixed upon a knitting needle  
spun half submerged.*

It is said the sun blinds us because it is a HOLE  
in the three-dimensional scenery.  
— and light “diminishes in inverse proportion to the square  
of the distance”  
but the imaginary sphere  
it illuminates, increases in the same  
proportion —

Its Zodiacal Light is in the form of a lens  
the lash of which intersects earth.

It is one-ten-thousandth the diameter of its ‘system’  
as is ovum to human.  
VISION is seeing as the sun sees.

“midway between the absolute  
and man”

(Fludd said)

The Mind & Eye, the solar system, galaxy  
are spirals coiled from periphery  
— i.e. Catherine Wheels —  
of their worlds.  
Whorls.

PARTICULAR SOLAR PLEXUS, COMPRESSER,  
COMPLEXER:

plus ringed by minus  
quickened in interlocking octaves  
into a daffodil  
(intricately fluted)

atop a hill  
upon an ochre, blue, and white swirled world below

How to inquire  
within the fire?  
What thinnest spoke-infolded core  
of farthest star  
invoke, in what we are?  
Were?

*Rodin did*

*he said*  
("each thing is merely the limit of the flame  
to which it owes its existence")

CONFLUXUS RADIORUM

## BEAM 12

☉ is the symbol for Sun, the circumference brought to focus at a point. Its outward manifestation is life, just as mind itself seems to unfold some answering chrysanthemum. Beneath a maze pattern on a wall of the church of St. Savino, in Piacenza, the inscription reads: THIS LABYRINTH REVEALS THE STRUCTURE OF THE WORLD. Convoluted of sun and dust, shut dark in a skull, the labyrinth is its own clue. Our lot is puzzlement.

Right auricle, right ventricle, lungs: left auricle, left ventricle, aorta: aorta means 'to lift' or 'heave' and is the great trunk of perception. Branches, from the top of its arch, network the light in our heads — out of a stuff of rays, particles, and pulses: the artificer of reality.

If we represent the three dimensional world we live in as a line, ray, or passage, between the fourth dimension as a globe, then as the universe expands this line describes involutions within that globe. This is the brain of time.

What footprint is left in the snow of flesh by an event? Thinking about thinking moves atoms — however mirrored: and so, as in a rainbow the architecture of light is revealed, mind is a revelation of matter. These wrinkled lobes of flesh, in fact, are more sensitive than the surface of water, and some have watched small eyelids tremble in the womb and wondered could a molecule remember.

The first anatomists likened the brain, pulp and rind, to an orange. Its beginnings are a mulberry of cells, and all desire and despair are seeded in its un- and in-foldings.

Both consciousness and the unconscious 'collect'. It is as if some eons-old mind (in a time when it could do those things) cast the future on its cold eye, saw Plato's cave, and became our brains. Where it will look with us — through "cavernous Earth / Of labyrinthine intricacy, twenty-seven folds of opakeness" — is what you and I are doing this instant. Still, beneath the frontal lobes, at the stem of consciousness, is that reptilian speechless gaze. Man is amphibian to oblivion.

From the ape at my shoulderblade I see angels. Our embryo dreamt the fishes' sleep, became a ripple, leap-frogged itself, and later a mammal: perception is a slingshot drawn back to first plasm.

## BEAM 13

### CHRY SOS *anthemon*

f lux f lux f lux f  
lux f lux f lux f l  
ux f lux f lux f lu  
x f lux f lux f lux  
f lux f lux f lux f

BEAM 14

Eden, glossolalia of light  
Mountain the gods stept from, spoke to fork  
some sparkling *logos*  
as *O hoher Baum im Orh!*  
*quadricornutus serpens, caduceus phantastikon*, or  
*la ou nos la voions plus espesse*  
*vas*, at the same time orb and eggshaped

O

Matrix of Harmonies  
orders, opening back, beyond, and within, Laocoön of cocoon  
splint crystal, *glaux*, grey matter spun  
'Out of thy head I sprung'  
thread not a dream by a single Being, but one of *omni-*  
silk-seed of waves hummed back  
vast cortex  
tensile, unstill

He who "would chain fire,  
and have the wind move in regiments  
of cubed air"

(As Bohm posited: at zeropoint  
of energy  
a cubic centimeter of space = 10,000,000,000 tons

uranium) underneathunder

unutterable number

an intricate quiet  
centripetal

FIAT

he who  
obsessed by light,  
*possessed by sight:*

cellophane in cellophane of salamander slid within a flame

(to pin to the shimmer a name)

Beauty is easy.  
It is the Beast that is the secret.  
A COËRCED SPLENDOR!  
"it escapes from its sphere  
as from a hole"

mil-  
lion-hued  
— its symmetries like trees with long shadows  
—

A mirror held  
to the horror

“we can imagine a butterfly  
to pass back into the chrysalis”  
like a cat’s eye in  
time.

at the end of its tether  
the inter-

stellar

## BEAM 15, Cornerstone

Thoreau: “How can that depth be fathomed where a man may see himself reflected? The rill I stopped to drink at I drink in more than I expected. I satisfy and still provoke the thirst of thirsts. I do not drink in vain. I mark that brook as if I had swallowed a water snake that would live in my stomach. I have swallowed something worth the while. The day is not what it was before I stopped to drink. Ah, I shall hear from that draught! It is not in vain that I have drunk. I have drunk an arrowhead. It flows from where all fountains rise. How many ova have I swallowed? Who knows what will be hatched within me? There were some seeds of thought, methinks, floating in that water, which are expanding in me. The man must not drink of the running streams, the living waters, who is not prepared to have all nature reborn in him — to suckle monsters. The snake in my stomach lifts his head to my mouth at the sound of running water. When was it that I swallowed a snake? I have got rid of the snake in my stomach. I drank of stagnant waters once. That accounts for it. I caught him by the throat and drew him out, and had a well day after all. Is there not such a thing as getting rid of the snake which you have swallowed with young, when thoughtless you stooped and drank at stagnant waters, which has worried you in your waking hours and in your sleep ever since, and appropriated the life that was yours? Will he not ascend into your mouth at the sound of running water? Then catch him boldly by the head and draw him out, though you may think his tail be curled about your vitals ———

BEAM 16, *The Voices*

*plumb line*

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews"  
CROSS\*SECTION OF KANSAS LILAC I SAT IN AT

I I



:nodal mosaic of rays slant streetlight

Pole Star naillike at canopy:

:moon behind cloud beyond bloom within its own dark afterimage

axial twig, live silver:

:a tranquility of minute balances tremolo near leaf tip

fireflies (magnified 1,000 times):

:the sound of a great black cloth ripping apart

WHERE THE DEITY DWELLS  
THE APE IS TO APPEAR

as "*the shadow dogs the body*  
of one who walks in the sun"

(hidden Eurydice, whose face is ice)

MAKE MUSIC!

Socrates' three dreams  
said.

Hymn Helios  
out error's scatter sight's spectrum pattern  
"limn electric"

IN THE AIRE

(Herclitus on the sistrum)

perception is physic's intrinsic Its knit

&

/

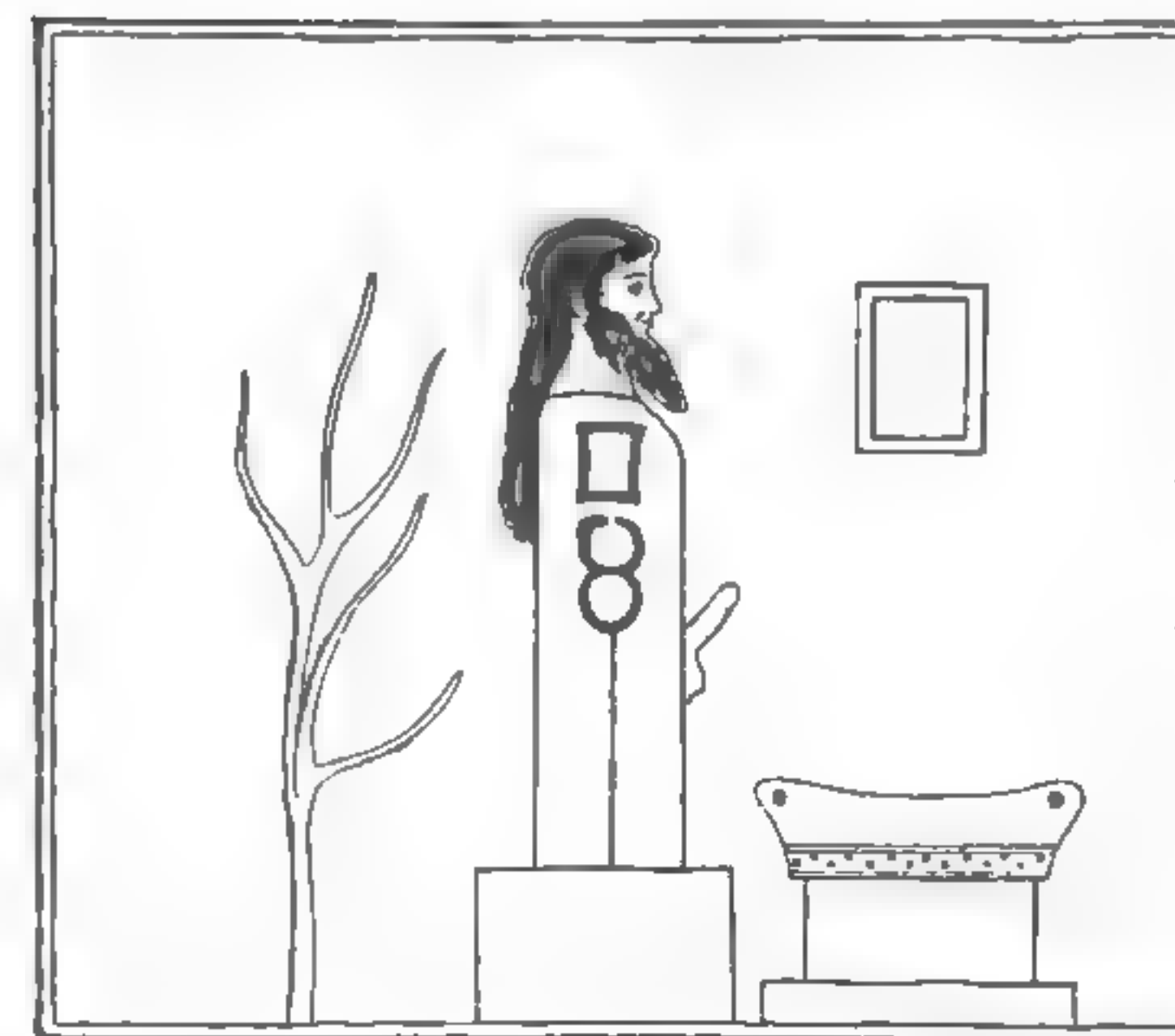
or

Mr. Curious Hermes

(as the Greeks had season's quarters counterspiral  
by entwined instinct image:

Mage)

twin snakes wrapt round our vitals  
out plinth of time



"piVot"  
 — winged —  
 'crescent on circle from cross'  
 (or metamorphosis-outshines-beast-round Homo  
 Maximus,  
 us  
 )  
 :ACT ICARUS EACH CREVICE:  
 Mr. Curious  
 said  
 — why we cannot, so close it is the sun,  
 see Intellect —  
 . . . *Though weave's riddle angles Angells bee . . .*  
*butterfly-net senses' instant's*  
*limits,*  
 quantum's  
 sums  
 ABRAXAS IS EXACT OF FACT  
 'as if'  
 (by magic)  
*trans-ex-spiring what we call time*  
 presence  
 behind an appearance  
 "the backparts  
 of"

## BEAM 17, *The Book of Orpheus*

for Robert Duncan

That the story is plied in threes, and is thus a parable of SPACE.

First Orpheus plucks a music upon the Shell of earth, a form from which some say the intervals between strings are those the planets resonate. This is the body of man, where lion lie with lamb in The Imaginary Menagerie, where tree waltz rock down to the rainbow angle at interacting atoms.

That music is the art of TIME. Its work is Abstract and Mathematick, but is created in our own image. That the orders of lyre and year have such a close fit one could not slip a grassblade between.

Next, that he crosses the threshold of the unconscious to find Euridice by that same power, but must lost her at brink by looking back, mirror-warp to waking.

Last, this first 'maker' was torn apart by irrational women (for, it is said, preaching the love of man for man) so he is only a head now bearing down Being, only a singing. The lyre-head then washes seaflash to some inner cave of prophecy till the sun itself (its father) hush it to the faintest rustling from a run of stars.

That wonder takes all forms — Euridice, slip-knot through flesh, abreast the well of light, hand dipped in mercury through breath of earth — and thus is One Form.

That he who, fireshook head to foot, mistake the sun to speak, shall see the world from scratch. Wobble to pole: Great Balls of Fire, exquisite sediment.

## FIRST DREAM

There is no wall  
to it all.  
Up, goes the widening ball,  
till I fall.

## SECOND DREAM

(thunder) I sprint as music up a hill,  
spirit in the grip of unison, as if Scarlatti'd  
meadowlarked particles.  
At top I find a woman carved of wood, who in my arms  
turns carefully yellow daffodils.

A figurehead Euridice  
is what I hold.

He who has seized one pebble shall climb a mountain.

He who has understood the wit of birds will split the weight of  
wings.

That Angels are not subject to gravity, and are therefore a cuckleburr of  
senses, apples all eyes and hearing spheres.

That one prism holds the spectrumed 'glory' as surely as whole populations  
of droplets strummed by sun.

That the action of the universe is metamorphosis — its articulation,  
metaphor. White crow, black swan, these are the hinges of Heaven.

## A MEMORABLE FANCY

As I was walking in my Garden, an Angel in an apple-tree  
saw me, and spoke: *I drink the air before me* momentum a  
beam lighttouchstonearc seen after rain ray bright sequence  
innermost outermost band outermost innermost Aristotle  
thus explained the circular scattered incident magnified drop  
filled with internal reflections refract of constants at ob-  
liquely index two all directions quivalent significant  
axispassingzero tangent surface transmitted again split pas-  
sages not ordinarily visible of angle illuminated at all impact  
simultaneously infinitely the vicinity backscattered toward  
sun through the center three grazes in its original directions  
so do they bend back toward the forward uni-varies most  
slowly with changes in other words gather together regions  
of imaginary intensity in a sky filled with real waves.

That clockwise, counterclockwise, as blue bindweed to honeysuckle,  
the cosmos is an organism spirally closed on itself, into the pull of  
existence. In the beginning there was the Word — for each man,  
magnetized by onrush, is Adam to his Tyger.



lilac, winedark  
 sun-gold in chopped scarlet  
 starred  
 equilateral equangular quinquangles  
 (like to those balls stitched twelve patchwork of color)  
 skiey Okeanos  
 clouds like loud chords  
 — whose contours their contours pun —  
 out of a drop of water-that-does-not-wet-the-hand  
 become a blue mirrored ball on emerald lawn  
  
 (with dandelions for  
 miles)

# BEAM 20, *Labyrinthus*

*for Euridice*

It is lucid as Euclid. It is a splay of space and planes overlapping and interpenetrating from the stairs rising in all directions. Pasted on water, it is separated by folding screens concealing everything in the picture. It is as if you yourself were your own onlooker. Simultaneously from all sides, bird's-eye view it settles within its metallic sheen, framed by bright lines. It is a mirage of parachutes brought together and separated by forces of five separate foregrounds opening like chinese boxes. Small windows open and shut in a photograph of the earth from the moon hung on the walls of an imaginary Musée de l'Homme, where it plays its own elastic lace of shadows. Stroboscopic radiolaria divespin slow motion from its apparent perimeter, penumbra of wind tossed willow round rose halo. It's not that we're getting slower, it's that the world is going faster. One above another, in globes of clarity and camouflage, between it appear mutually irreconcilable realities. Backward in double exposures odds and ends veined with gnarls and bird's-eyes simulate collisions with it. It rises and falls through the repercussions of songs of birds, as through a lake, connected by a central axis suddenly reversing in depth so that what was the back face now is the front one, and so forth.

# BEAMS 21, 22, 23, *The Song of Orpheus*

O  
Tree  
into the World,  
Man  
the chosen  
Rose out of Chaos:  
Song

*Thunder amid held daffodil,  
the hills of yellow celandine in sudden sun  
electrum  
'when the light walks'.*

When the light walks, clockwise, counterclockwise,  
atoms memorize the firefly's wing  
silhouette 20 foot elm leaf  
(worm's-eye view through three crisscross timothy stalks).  
A blue hinged green at edge, the twilight  
sinks as if half swimmer  
— ankles in wrinkle through wood turtle  
swallowing scarlet strawberry,  
waist deep the warp then roof of star split clover, one pale  
eye spool rayed Orion  
thistle silk through soil particle —  
to Euridice. Head deep  
in neither  
*aether, nether:*

"You will find, to the left of The House of *Hades*, a spring . . .

one white leafed cypress at its side".

*"Sometimes the prophet sees the image of Glory  
in the midst of a cloud;  
but the angel-messenger is invisible  
because the angelic fire is too pure for one to see.*

*When one sees the fire flaming  
up from the distance  
one is only seeing the smoke that  
surrounds it.*

*Moreover the angel asks:  
What do you see?"*

*"I have seen the Eternal  
interior,  
not ocular, vision"*

reply.

## P A L M S

**B<sub>E</sub>**

the man that walk in the way of day and night  
like a tree of water, leaf  
chaff which the wind  
stand in

imagine the earth set against sun,  
uttermost parts like a potter's O: trembling sands round about  
Arise, and ray.

Stand in  
your own heart,  
and be still.  
the light upon us  
in time to the voice of ice:  
no throat out in the multitude of ions belled But shout  
for joy.

O  
save me for  
the grave who  
all the night make I my bed to swim

O  
lion, compass  
turn  
to an end but arrows sing

Out of the mouth of  
moon and the stars,  
What is man, that made him angels, beasts  
to a perpetual end: the gates in the gates of net hid  
snared in the turn into sight.  
:let them be  
imagined.  
moved in the secret  
ear to hear:  
bird to mountain eyelid cup.

They speak tongue tried in a furnace of earth,  
on every side,  
I sleep the *sleep of*  
*all*, not  
one.

The lines are fallen to me  
in the night seasons.  
as the apple of the eye under the shadow of wings,  
lion in secret likeness.  
voice  
shot out lightnings of many waters.

candle:  
my steps under me,  
consumed.

rose dust before the wind  
rock above those that rise up  
:man  
edge to the world.  
sun circuit it: eye in honeycomb heart, hand. name for  
ever ever moved  
in time the fire shall seed imagined form.

worm shake the womb: I am poured out like water  
into the dust of death.  
closed unicorn  
the ends of the world shall turn  
green shadow run.

earth flood into the head  
gates; doors; gates; doors; all day enlarged:  
an even lace in light and flesh,  
the voice of

waters  
upon many waters,  
The voice of flame shake wild voice from the grave:  
down to the remembrance of morning. moved mountain to stand  
in my blood, dust dancing:  
and ear rock rock out of the spirit hand

out of my mind:  
I have heard  
My times  
lips put to silence; a pavilion of tongues.  
cut off from eyes: bones roaring all the day long summer.

in a time when place compass song  
I harp an earth full of breath: the sea stood fast.  
their works  
magnify the exalt together.  
matter open wide  
clouds like great mountains the fountain of  
light shall we see light.

grass-sword heart, time: not again the  
seed tree my flesh  
before love,

not continually  
beauty to consume like a moth: but of the clay,  
ears opened from great congregation.

whisper lift  
from everlasting to everlasting  
meat in praise,  
within me: deep call to  
deep harp  
out arm, and the light  
scattered with the forgotten  
face,

matter: writer.

though the earth be removed,  
*There is*  
a river, not moved:  
were moved: in the fire.  
with the sound of a trumpet wind ends of the round  
ear to a parable:

I will open my dark

upon the harp  
of compass  
inward like the beasts shined before me.

I fold a thousand hills.  
I would blood the most High:  
frame silence as  
self  
set in order.

the inward parts: and in the hidden snow walls  
the land of a green child is  
gone back:  
the altogether become one  
ion!  
the trembling over, a dove at rest  
in tempest  
:Day and night the midst of it.

thereof: magnify hid changes, words sword the swallow  
from falling, light  
the shadow lion set on fire, arrow an earth.

I will sing and  
Awake my salt to the clouds.

speaking to the voice of the great snail sun whirlwind blood  
from the run return and go round scatter  
the ends of the earth  
return up and down.

I will sing  
aloud in the morning: to tremble the breaches  
of astonishment.

I shall be moved as a bowing wall  
delight  
in the balance,  
every man to his marrow  
bend in secret at the perfect fall all flesh come.

waves, and the tumult in uttermost token:  
morning and evening  
river the year on every side

MAKE  
a joyful noise  
through the flood on foot:  
moved as silver net over our heads went fire-shine smoke, Sing  
shook snow from the fountain of clouds.  
I sink

stranger to prayer  
out of the deep waters.  
flow me, face to my soul, in my thirst  
*let it become*  
love turned backward love magnified: wonder lay wait  
in the little hills, long moon, mown grass  
showers in the dust gold corn  
city of the sun all shall call a dream

ignorant heart: I have put my trust in smoke.

axes upon axes cast fire  
in the land.  
signs: the borders of turtledove-dissolve: east, west,  
full of mixture  
ring out, the mountains of sleep.  
waking:  
The waters saw:  
The skies sent out a sound:

thunder path the great know utter our fathers told  
us divided  
cloud, and all the night with light of

kindled doors  
rained down as sand,  
the years a wind in hand, locust,  
sycamore frost.

the hail flocks to angels fire consumed blood  
like water pointed to shine

Turn us again, O  
to take deep root, filled with the shadow sent boughs out sea,  
branch to the river.  
hedge wood and the wild field look down  
hand planted with fire,

Turn us again, O  
noise to palm, harp psaltery.  
Blow the secret place of thunder: wheat  
foundations of silence not still, joined like a wheel;  
stubble before wind.

flameflesh the sparrow nest through; the rain spring out of earth;  
voice answer me.

O turn unto her: instrument  
I cannot come forth.

The north and the south  
in vision alter the thing for ever,  
void edge down to the ground how short time is:  
What man shall not see death?  
footsteps the years past, a sleep: consumed by number  
we have seen beauty in the secret place  
shadowings A thousand thousand  
eyes in all ways.

against stone I will set sound.

as scattered with oil waves  
noise waves things  
father the ear, form eye,  
thoughts slip the multitude delight  
my soul frame  
and rock psalm the hills from day to day beauty in beauty  
moved:  
Clouds trembled.

hills like wax Light is sown in the sight: all ends  
Let the floods clap  
*between*  
the cloudy pillar: singing.

before eyes:  
heart cut off perfect  
I watch, and  
am mad

mingled dust gathered throughout the changed:

frame flower the wind chamber  
thunder lace  
manifold leviathan play  
turn the earth as long as being  
face strange another  
locus

molten  
similitude  
joined at the waters ruled east west north south stresses  
bands bars waves rings multiplied crease  
wake among great answer  
cast

compassedless  
extend wing in tossed fusion  
multitude hand from hand rod midst  
willed womb of order strike all a headover wonder  
mind forked fast in seed  
for ever

light moved for heart fixed  
time forth the sun  
to behold in out of skip skip turned fountain formed eye  
falling toward now as the fire head  
us made  
prospero of wand word

hid works  
accordion run incline chord law awe accord  
harmonies dealt command precept sound  
ash consumed settle  
I have seen an end of all perfection loves ancient light path  
quicken

flesh tremble statue  
void above above fine entrance  
light standing simple opened order face up river  
live  
and dawn draw wick to stand as one  
great cord

all utter rose rise arrow  
eye from foot to sun  
going out and coming in from  
time  
compact of seed  
file stream

I dream  
the sheaves sleep quiver speak in furrow  
to the mower by the depths  
I wait and watch for the morning from all eyes  
matter as swarm clothed with vision  
each bud a lamp

the head stand in lightning  
wind out of throughout for ever for ever for ever alone  
out the water great lights stretched out  
divided into parts through the midst ever flesh  
rivers of willowsong  
against stone

magnified far off I walk  
compass behind and before take wing about me  
the dark and the light both alike  
I awake  
and know my heart  
the way exalt

scattered  
I looked on the land of the living  
as those that have been long dead within within me  
I stretch forth the morning  
a song of ten strings  
I will sing to all will hear their being  
stars infinite  
swift snow before wind suns flying  
into a twoedged firmament  
sounding

BEAM 24

earthearthearth  
earthearthearth  
earthearthearth  
earthearthearth  
earthearthearth  
earthearthearth

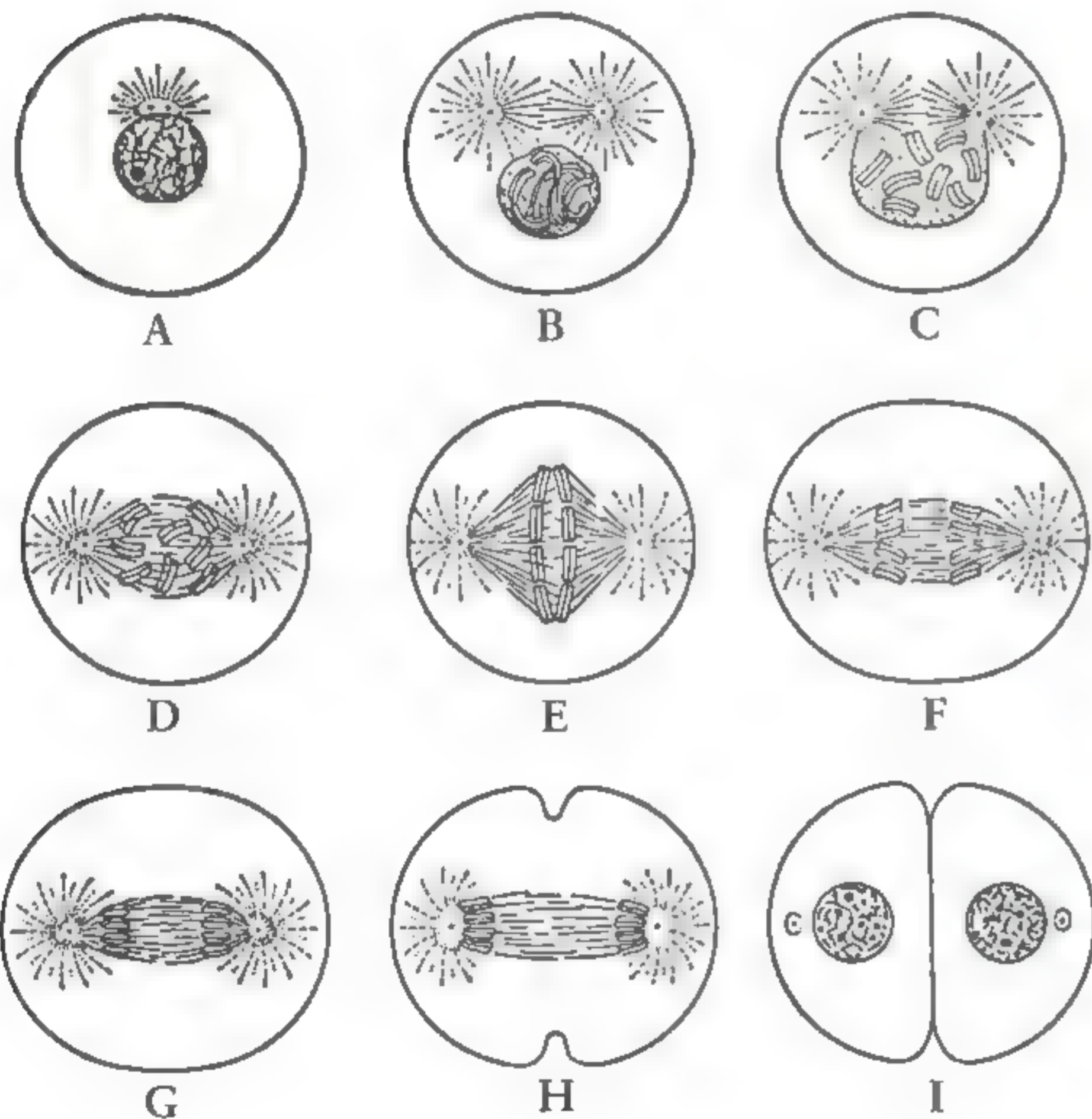
“any piece of counterpoint includes  
a silent part  
for the rhythmic movements of heart and  
lungs”

*(lilacs)*

BEAM 25, A Bicentennial Hymn

prosper  
O  
cell

*through there where the forest is thickest*



*gave proof through the  
bells'*

*twentyonegunson&lumieresalutetothsun  
Aquila chrysaetos, I have seen Him in the watchfires  
full sail the Ruffles & Flourishes  
sifting out a glory  
loosed lightning to answer  
arching on*

A

FIREWORKS MUSIC:

— hexagonal prisms terminated by hexagonal pyramids —  
quartzrose oscillations of velocities  
(link on washing tone)  
of the coming of the eyes, across the sea, swift sounded  
hundred circling beauty trampling out the heart,  
Lord  
*Coriolis coalescens*

see how he walks upon the wheat!



:the mind become its own subject matter:

bent ambient

(all meaning is an angle)

sampling

the optimum play at any one moment spray of curvature  
falling off toward the edge great gold sunflowerhead of photons

sum of sun and moon

in array the flicker of diamond-lattice pattern

against a complex dappled back-

ground also moving.

Ratio is all.

BEAM 26

at primal duel

eccles. "A lesser house of gods sub-  
ordinat to a greater."

biol. "A small, usually microscopic  
mass of contractile protoplasm  
with a membraneous envelope  
forming the most elementary  
constituent or the structural  
unit of both plant and animal."

(means 'room' 'hollow' 'honeycomb' — as in cells of a battery,  
brain)

i.e. life itself

telescoped out of the recesses of essence

"THE EYES OF FIRE, THE NOSTRILS OF AIR, THE MOUTH OF  
WATER,

THE BEARD OF EARTH"

(a form whereby Van Gogh saw, say,

wall hug a Death's-Head Moth

in the asylum

garden at St. Rémy)

Jung: "There are unconscious aspects of our perception of reality. The first is the fact that even when our senses react to real phenomena, sights, and sounds, they are somehow translated from the real of reality into that of the mind. Within the mind they become psychic events, whose ultimate

nature is

## BEAM 27

unknowable."

"Imagine it! Imagine that dawn! The resurrection of the frozen air, the stirring and quickening of the soil, and then this silent uprising of vegetation, this unearthly ascent of fleshlyness and spikes. Conceive it all lit by a blaze that would make the intensest sunlight of earth seem watery and weak. And still amidst this stirring jungle wherever there was shadow lingered banks of bluish snow. And to have the picture of our impression complete you must bear in mind that we saw it all through a thick bent glass, distorting it as things are distorted by a lens, acute only in the centre of the picture and very bright there, and towards the edges magnified and unreal."

again      again      again

cross      fiery      craze

prism      prove      psalm

doubt      amaze      grace

crest      canto      crest

slant      pulse      exalt

— interposed rose Her crystal mirror holds —

*Kyrie*

illusion

"TO GO INTO THE WORDS TO EXPAND THEM" The Voices said

*at pains to say what two  
eyes lined plain:*

*how trued the world to word against  
blank page*

A is the fulcrum. I, the lever (eye). Out of it ray these three: LFE — single, double, triple vision: L I F E. I's descent from T is the stroke light takes assuming flesh from matter. H weds — is love. When these combine in I they make a windowed quaternity: D closes, J roots, K leafs out. B, P, R, image the female, male, and those reaching between. U contains. C overflows. M, the mountain — V, the valley — W, the wing. O is The Mirror, or a cosmos made reflective by the hindside of chaos. It is also the egg of S, the instinct's serpent, offering an apple of yinyang everywhere but nowhere to one and all. Z is yellow brick road to question: Quest. Its answer, its obverse, N. (This is the clockwise path.) G, which winds widdershins the sun, is millpool, orworld-pole, Joker. Q is The Unconscious — sperm at worldegg, positing old meaning to all outward. Y is space. X, time.

TIME

(to-forge-the-eye-is-a-mountain-in-the-empyrean)

SPACE

( )

*I drink the air before me* "for James Hampton (1909-1964) rests in peace. His downtown Washington neighborhood is once again prepared for the Second Coming. Hampton's gleaming throne — made of tinfoil, old lightbulbs — his orbs and crowns and altars, the throne room he prepared for the hosts of heaven, has now been placed on public view in gallery 3-D of the National Collection of Fine Arts. He did not call himself an artist. Sometimes he would walk the street carrying a sack, picking up old chairs, wine bottles and cardboard. In one of his two lives he was almost friendless, poor and black, a janitor who labored for the General Services Administration. At midnight, when he finished, James Hampton would return to the garage he rented, for \$50 a month, that opened to an alley. There he donned his shining crown, did his holy work, and signed himself Saint James. What strikes one first is radiance. Cardboard forms, sheathed in shining gold and silver foil, conjure a rich, ecstatic vision of cherubs, golden orbs, seven-pointed stars, temples, angels' wings. The cherubs have no faces, the columns are not fluted, the butterfly shaped wings are not attached to bodies. Nothing is explicit. The eye is swept along by symmetries and rhythms and an ever-present gleam. Imagine what it was like to slide back that heavy warehouse door and see first it glittering inside! He titled his work there as *The Throne of the Third Heaven of the Nations Millenium General Assembly*."

still      point      turns

Yeats      among      swans

Circe      slide      swine

baton      James      Joyce

Pound      sidle      Babel

dance      align      dance

rec  
tangle

ova

l

sp  
here

squ

are

PIVOT means the-man-who-will-become-himself-centers-a-valley-through-  
which-circles-matter. Webster, in strange congruence, includes a surreal pic-  
ture of the word: "A journal at the end of an arbor in a watch." The T shakes  
out in leaf, above river then hills blued in angledranges rise pure blurr to golds  
each nearer sunflower shaves half shadow scaled, half gulfed of light. Every-  
where you glance webs glisten to inner spider. Voices begin in the waters:

The Murmurer herself overspills space.  
New hushes through the polyhedral push and crux.

In exquisite garble  
(which means to-examine-closely,  
and comes from root 'sieve')

particulars evolve.

no where  
now here  
no where  
now here

— 'a device very like a propeller' —

*X is the double pivot  
into an instant  
we see through:  
wind blows in the window*

(but will not unfigure the cut-glass prism  
frozen in sunshaft)

no matter the gnaw of the worm, earth's spool through what  
wit like wick lit in the wind

WITHOUT END\*

\*from the Sanskrit  
'border'

AS IF  
IN THE DEPTHS A MAN COULD SEE HIS OWN REFLECTION  
ripple-counter-ripple  
stirred by near tangible intelligibles  
fugues out  
of lightning on ocean

— huge imaginings to whet the miniscule —

call this  
flowing-back-on-itself hourglass of  
equilateral font  
of the self in ever changing forms-through-fountains heft  
all-lustrous fleece  
or

As I was climbing the stair, The Voices announced "They were so ordered that  
one always touched another in a circle, like those who dance in a ring. The  
plain within their triangle is the foundation and *common altar* to all these  
worlds, which is called the *Plain of Truth*, in which lie the designs, moulds,  
ideas, and invariable examples of all things which were, or ever shall be —  
and about there is *Eternity, whence flowed Time*

*as from a river, into the worlds."*

*The universe contrives  
a poise of spirals through the poles  
to less than the merest discernible train of wobbles  
— eye hole through the portrait  
of No Man —  
just as it is separating itself.*

*The seed is disseminated at the gated mosaic a hundred feet  
below, above  
long windrows of motion  
connecting dilated arches undergoing transamplification:  
'seen in the water so clear as christiall'  
(prairie tremblante)*

comes The Sower of Systems  
tiger's eye through goldenrodded evening  
landskips fractured a green changing columbine reds  
of magnitude  
'adamas'  
(substance to still tempests)

: THEY MOVE ALL WITH ONE MOTION :

*"make thee an ark of gopher  
wood, rooms shalt thou make  
in the ark, and shalt pitch  
it within and without with"*

## BEAM 30, *The Garden*

*for Patricia Anderson*

"To do as Adam did"  
through the twilight's fluoride glare Mercury in perihilion  
(rotating exactly three times)  
while circling the sun twice)  
to Pluto foot tilt up the slide at either plane  
and build a Garden of the brain.

Internetted eternities, interspersed  
with cypresses  
ply ringed air about the many spectacled apples there.  
Flamestitch niches orb in swivel orb, The Muses thrust at center  
turning. *Phospheros arborescens* they sing  
sense's

struck crystal clarities  
to knock the knees  
(or scarlet hollyhock, against a near blue sky).  
No end of fountains lost among the shrubberies full eye may bare.  
Fixed stars  
with fireflies jam the lilac.

The Lord is a delicate hammerer.

Gold hive upon gray matter

He taps synapse ("carrying to") ("carrying away")  
an immense bronze pinecone moon-knit at the end of a vista  
of sunny *jets d'eau*, silver poplars. All  
shivered in a pool.

Literally, a flowing: form-take-hand

-with-form

(That Which Fasteneth Us)

pillar to pillar the great dance arch itself through all that  
is or was or will be, 3/4 time. This will be a glade  
at the head of one stream

and a resonant gnomon before it will stretch regions of signaling  
gnat-like resiliencies in the atmosphere  
of where we are —

or were.

Or will be, when the mingled frame of mind  
of man is celebration.

Gates, which separate the wings

of tiered ilex, open

in caverns of atoms passing from one into another's zenith  
of periodic movement, vast helicoidal shift:  
a vaulting of arteries  
beating their heads against the dark.

This is the body of light.

Vertically in a chromatic spread chord

— Elysian elision —

*J'avais bâti, dans un rêve, un palais, un château ou des  
grottes*

along the lines of sight.

Dear Garden:

This is the way the world begins, the word begins.  
Through here,  
where grow the galax and aster together,  
I have planted Shadow illuminating The Field of Glittering  
Opposites:  
*ange arc-en-ciel*

*flocons de neige*  
I have attempted a temple as if hierarchies of music  
beating against time gone adagio, that is the Secret Pool we return  
to. And not to stone  
but to the world behind its human  
mirror.

This is the way the word begins, the world begins,  
wrestling the old ineffable to Bosch's amazing white giraffe  
— or St. Rousseau  
intent a symmetry of whisker.  
Love itself is a kind of *mirage* nesting it all  
together. Around a center

no one can see the end of, at the Well of The Bottomless,  
I have placed parallels of bright guardians  
“along with the trill  
of the Nightingale,  
and the call of the European quail”  
as in The Pastoral.

(Signed) THE GARDENER

P.S.

“I have refracted it with Prismes, and reflected with it Bodies which in Day-  
light were of other colours; I have intercepted it with the coloured film of Air  
interceding two compressed plates of glass: transmitted it through coloured  
Mediums, and through Mediums irradiated with other sorts of Rays, and  
diversely terminated it; and yet could never produce any new colour out of  
it. But the most surprising, and wonderful composition was that

of *Whiteness*.”

## BEAM 31

"... the perpetual rustling of a windswept system". And that we know about as much about it as we know about the without.

Stars radiate. I have questioned my neighbors as to what the opposite of this is, but no one has handy answer. In Physics, the music of our time, it would appear to be called focus. As if they had invisible springs between them, these two terms act like two positively charged nuclei.

*Proportions*, all things proportions. The solar system is a whoosh of some doubler bloom than the atom at snowflake's edge. Matter, which shakes an electron in the eye, is the pattern of slowed light. The ripple-counter-ripple of Space-Time-Light is, as an Ancient said of God, "an infinite circle whose center is everywhere and the circumference nowhere".

We dream the root to leaf the now. The song sings the bird, and the crow the cock, and *it is not so much we who live as that we are lived*. As we are minuter we tick faster than the sun: our brains use two percent of circuitry — the sun, .00000000000000000002. Suppose Plato's projected cave of shadows were simply then one circling, swivelling sea of being, single with externity, suspended (the reverse of outside stars to space) in plenum of image, brilliance?

ITEM: Phsysics = Psychics. Space is our 'compass', and conflux with time, makes a tree (vein, river) form twixt trinities through opposed spirals: vortex to vortex: in with out: burning bush.

Hieronimus Bosch, in the center of The Garden, midpath between maelstrom and rock of paradise, paints moth at thistle. There are about a million ways the sun can pulsate, and they are all happening at once: *the footfall of a cat, the roots of a rock, the breath of a fish, the spittle of a bird . . .*

## BEAM 32, *The Musics*

Let the craters of Mercury trumpet first and last things from C to shining C.

Let The Magellenic Clouds be shot through with glissandi of migrations of great whales.

Let twin amoebae discombobulate The Leonids hairsbreadth twists.

Let spectroscopic polyrhythmics of cricket play taps on deep fields of stalactite.

Let the hooffall of buffalo be heard again, in the land.

Let the idea of man's split brain be a grace note among the silvery Pleiades.

*pyre, eyrie*

From here, barred owls ladder winter sun's  
resounding arroyos'  
"earths of different colours, as blue, a kind of crimson,  
grass-green, shining black, chalkwhite, and ochre"  
against

*Montagnes de Pierres Brillants,*

now Rockies

Or there, a stand of scarlet sumac (with bobolink  
sphericling the hereabouts  
*lit with a fine straw-colored light like the spirits of trees*  
— some Appalachia for backdrop)

drinks in all green wide summer  
to a berry.

Off the porch I see twelve miles into the sunflower patch.

High noon stands still as a just picked apple.

*prairie, prairie*

These are The Foundations.

## THE SPIRES

34-66

*for Jonathan Williams*

*"a solid, six-sided music"*

"The Brain — is wider than the Sky —"

— *Emily Dickinson*

"nimble center, circumference elastic"

— *Herman Melville*

ARK 34, *Spire on the Death of L.Z.*

is this happening,  
a quick as a squirrel's tail  
spright of deer  
but burnished as a  
grackle  
foci  
evenly distributed as nesting sights  
or silvery layers of film  
over rotifers  
trapeze  
of paraphrase  
in a sphere clumped  
pool all a mareshiver  
of lights  
executed in pure  
katydid  
half Mozart  
fits and starts, half stars  
both  
holywork of oracular oak  
thought through  
dust's  
simplest  
scherzo scarecrow  
tactics an acorn might  
knuckle under  
paradise  
and pairs of eyes  
past  
all believing

an edifice  
of matched snailshell  
faced to watch  
Bach  
in cherubim cliffed hayseed, rayed  
cloud in plaster  
forever  
or near it  
as consonance gets without  
clef  
to unraveled blizzard  
huzzah cooperating with treble instances  
such as orioles  
between tulip trees  
seizing the summerier dissonances  
of worm  
bees purring a  
cappella  
in utter emerald cornfield  
till the cows come  
purple home  
this is paradise  
this is  
happening  
on the surface of a bubble  
time and again  
fire sculpt of notwithstanding  
dark  
the whole parted world  
in choir

when the wind's bright horses  
hooves break earth in thunder  
that,  
that is paradise  
Lord Hades, whom we all will meet  
crackling up  
like a wall of prairie fire  
in a somersault silver  
to climb blank air  
around us  
to say then head wedded nail and hammer to the  
work of vision  
of the word  
at hand  
that is paradise,  
this is called spine of white cypress  
roughly cylindrical  
based  
on the principle  
of the intervals between cuckoos  
and molecules, and molecules  
reechoing:  
these are the carpets of  
protoplast, this  
the hall of crystcycling waltz  
down carbon atom  
this, red clay  
grassland  
where the cloud steeds clatter out wide stars  
this is

ARK 35, *Spire called Arm of The Moon*

That, too.  
Body english bowed back on itself  
Wingèd  
swallow-head  
blown diaphanous as glass  
cartwheel to and fro,  
  
*plenilunium*  
bellyd  
“full of eyes round about”  
at large in flesh.  
Toes dug in to the field of vision  
(as shadow, the sun)  
  
I sing  
the one wherein  
all colors of this whirling world begin  
and end.  
Notice our roof of bells,  
caduceus stairs  
  
which rise  
(the exact opposite of alignment)  
twin iris of ice  
to the corner stars.  
Between,  
planes perpendicular to being.

Being, paramount.  
Compare this ceiling of circulatory angels  
thinner than a human hair  
in context  
say, meadowlark’s nest.  
Note there the ruff of the Green Lion.

Stiff as a geranium  
he holds the blue-gold scroll of up above,  
when all things  
move.  
This is the Tower of  
Bearings:  
  
thirty-three arches  
per square inch  
of trees-falling-through-forest ‘all ears’,  
a smallish galaxy for alcove.  
This plaque reads  
O

Become Adam, become his sparks and limbs.  
You will see it too.  
Exact as Ezekiel  
amidst the long way back  
*Aurora consurgens!*  
“that the inwards of my head

be like the sun"  
I build.  
With this tool I made angels  
appear to-become-a-pool.  
Pressed for breath  
they run sidewise along rungs of tapering

spiracles,  
sight end on end.  
They have red wings as in the miracles.  
That way, one of twelve  
waterfalls  
dividing fellow underworlds.

This, gold ball  
(*some numen common to all men*)  
windmill  
implied by the huge motioned sky domed overhead  
dancing all on a pin.  
By hand, I said.  
*that too*

## ARK 36, Atomspire

here,  
everywhirr  
perfect welter acting like generators  
*candelulae* parallel  
triad *iridae*  
Elohim all but invisible, bushes humming of them  
susurrus to some oncoming moth in scallop  
far unblurred Pleiades:  
. . . there *and* there *and* there . . .

"stone lacking all weight"  
hunched among the shouldered shuddered things, wings  
dizzing into full  
sprigged lilac  
prestidigitatation of one long run errant grace  
of harnessing seeming  
as evenings a thrush transforms its song  
Archaean  
earth, still crouched at seed

firstways  
*winding as a snake does into the sun*  
of speckled loom  
unexpecteder than darkness  
itself into its radiance' dance, or Hymn spun upon  
some literally 'rhyme' with men  
punned then with the blasted Milky Way, that paths of salt  
with time we lumber up  
flesh last

ARK 37, *Spire called Prospero's Songs to Ariel (constructed in the form of a quilt from Roger Tory Peterson's A Field Guide to Western Birds)*

*hear hear hear hear*

*see-see-see*

"upcurled" uttered like a mallet driving a stake

a tick of white, pale buff

constantly changing speed and direction

*immutabilis*

with an air-splitting stitch at the "focus"

"dead-leaf" pattern

in falling diminuendo blending into a broad terminal band of

"code"

low

"dissonances through dissonances through dissonances"

dark-winged Solitary

with a scythelike *check-check-check*

*sewing-machine motion* blood red to the zoned

*magnificens*

with a center of slower winding

trying to sing like a Canary

in higher orchard

*killy killy killy* great yellow bill

*quark* "frozen"

("like a sparrow dipped in raspberry juice")

in rhythm of a small ball bouncing to a standstill

nestling *flammeus*

closed ellipse with diagonal axis

garden

bordered by blue-stem ethereal prairie

split-second

"Dancing" Cascade Mts.

or frail saucer in conifer

silent

barred crosswise streaked lengthwise

*speculum borealis*

Turnstone white, ochre, cerulean, cog the deep (from above)

Stilt

Great Plains to equator

(clockwork) across Oceans of the

laterally

*a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a* at wheeling anchor

sawedged image

*wick-wick-wick-wick*  
large black swift wheels, a wash of gold  
light fanwise off in a zigzag  
-fastened  
scissorlike insistence, moth come past dotted *stellata*  
proportion, to balance  
repeated shape it might have none  
until they catch the light  
*bowed* Nightjar-  
bell

angles of scarlet, old poplars  
erect as waterfalls  
*shook-shook-shook* through the zoom changing azure hinges  
ruffed muffled thumping, salmon the *antiquum*  
beeline voices in the bronze of Thought  
stone grasshopper to stone open eye  
*montezumae*  
triangle ring repeated  
(reason unknown)  
at song

constant  
"fire-throat" "spread-eagle"  
rising and falling  
as if answering its own question  
(in the hand)  
*heart-shaped familiaris*  
ascending the scale by short iridescent retreating waves  
Omnivorous, woven rose-scallop, interior of light  
Ancient of dove  
(which also soars)

dark, white, dark, white, dark  
"like a roller-coaster"  
folded back upon  
*tick-tick*, the Kittiwake silhouette sweet time *skip*  
smoke-slate  
Corpus Christi off the water, grainfields upend in V-formation  
through breezy Air to chisel ripple summit  
*Phaethon aethereus*  
accelerating russet, then Big Bend  
Starling dips

pale ghost-bird of the inner eyrie  
 silvery over and over  
 body in strong light, radial  
 at a distance, only the hollow long-drawn *whooooooooo*  
*tooit-wit* winnowing an almost touching elsewhere  
 in bright yellow lines, twinkling flight to flesh at "window"  
 "eyed on back of head" at night in spring  
 in endless succession  
 as it walks  
 the rip-tide *paradisaea*

to corners  
 Blue Goose, in lemon-colored shade  
 patterning beyond the pale  
 grass cup in brair  
 loosed crease in the summer, streams punctuated by daylight  
 the glass reveals basket-like sparkles of margin  
 or circumpolar seed seen in sky  
 violet eyelets in olive  
 rootling  
 in wide circles

## ARK 38, *Ariel's Songs to Prospero*

for Dorothy Neal

This is the invisible Spire. It consists of a tape recording made with the assistance of sound technician Roger Gans, under the auspices of Erik Bauersfeld for KQED in San Francisco. This was a project extending some six months with the end result being just over six minutes of 'musics' constructed out of recordings of songs of the birds of eastern United States.

The sections are titled:

1. Of Time and its Tree  
(a bolero for one white throated sparrow)
2. The Origin of Language  
(homage to Harry Partch)
3. The Emptying of Hell  
(nocturne for loon and full orchestra)
4. Where the Fire Takes Me  
(a souza for daylit forest)
5. Full Fathom Five  
(synthesis for slowed meadowlark & chorus)
6. How Feels the Fine Mesh of Space  
(adagio for thrushes and woodpecker quartet)

ARK 39, *The Roswell Spire*

*for Donald Anderson*

of  
orchestra  
flor rayd  
chest

*hosts*

In cumulus stem,  
Wm. Blake quizzing past gangplank a jetstream  
(all news  
from out the eaves of heaven)  
and floors like The Great Speckled Bird  
lighting all get out  
labeled: 'A spirit within another spirit, each one singing'  
as lined snake slide side to side  
neverrest  
pulse's smelter, smith, and alchemist  
perhaps as apse  
shuddered its thereabouts

measured against  
sole heart hoist its triply peaked blip blip blip best lightly saddled  
by the featherers Fountainhead, Brainstorm, and Target  
bearing horsesense backwards and fourwards  
some planar Bermoothes  
now asterisk of sun way past one shoulder,

now plains daisy  
half trod on  
sprung sway its origial position,  
now dead ahead  
(swirls before pine)  
"Speak up" orders The Lord:

for the day is at hand  
when as if you've seen one sunset you'll seem them all  
dancing without a stitch such pure litparticled  
particolor perimeterings we'd hear  
now cow low,  
now tall tales hence still dawn give tongue to Helen, gone  
(or Mahler hid full oleander for  
that matter)  
now snug  
one settler's toted wonderstone to stand up proud on  
for the Pasture himself is coming  
ever more

apt people steepled  
dawn manned  
'temenos' (that which altars itself)  
fashioned as wired combustions of the Incombobulus  
stumping those salt bushes, rose tangles, this yucca clump,  
just intonation  
so built  
(peeling a corner sun seen to frieze series of whiskered wheatstalk)  
"allye allye outs in free"  
"allye allye outs in free"  
"allye allye outs in free"  
cements relationship

withon  
 do words' work  
 — sustained sequentially as to insistence, instances stilled —  
 say, who keep their jubilee in easy reach  
 by birdsong held the day long  
 like a kitestring  
 ear to ear  
 and above all children, children hard at pretend ends  
 in an attic nothing if not intricate  
 tier on trellis tier  
 what music makes its way through us, which  
 scarlet trumpet vine  
  
 hard put to describe us in words  
 we are *The Abecedarium*,  
 or matter's plumb,  
 we once in the lilacs off Einstein's porch slept  
 a season as hornet's nest  
 talking turkey to Thoreau the while awake  
 one whole long recorded autumn  
 as would a surface composed compasses first whirl then align  
 add just one compass  
 (part reverberated out pared utter's math of push,  
 part split through spirit you call 'path')  
 if testify  
  
 won now  
 Fall and Flood  
 hence seem a wind down half wild field it feed new senses  
 gardening that otherwise  
 sheer lilac piled blood shed land  
 pulled us

toe stub steeped in attention  
 down days a shake of slight lights quite unlike  
 corner after spiral corner, all multiplied  
 stairs squared air  
 mid violin, lens, loved line, dove, divers voids, lives lived,  
 of these, image a nation  
  
 rared abundantly from the sun  
 may thunder married  
 Kirlian Carillon  
 — rung beyond violet's calyx, octaves scalloped below geranium —  
 (an explosion of fire-works slowed eleven hundred times)  
 old elms so briefly leaved  
 our years might seem a finger's simple palsy,  
 some wilder parley from atom to star  
 to move men long ahead  
 change age,  
 catch mane but a moment's game,  
 ride the pale wind  
  
 adjust    suppose    enjoy    define    transform  
 about mounts it  
 (every shape stirrup to many a force)  
 how Sordello a spire, of such dark lustre in varied burning hurry to  
 spur head about  
 compelled who to change a world by song alone  
 take root, bronze wings  
 riddling all kingdom come, like a worm a field, fished up  
 by the olden open jaw  
 back first,  
 & large as life  
 in a gape of being

ARK 40, *Herm*

Man-  
oeuvre  
artillery:

(hand-work &  
art-skill  
askance

full act,  
exact  
as skull.

Dance  
howbeit  
about us,

ply  
'nocount'  
Abyss

plumb  
crazy  
core.

ARK 41, *Lot's Pillar I*

'portray'  
ulterior artery  
told local colonnade

at taps  
aft twilit lilac panicle  
fathering rafter

ever offer  
after very rafter  
(plain buffaloed anew)

of old  
soul lassoed aloft wand  
multiployd root

foot planted  
antler the minimums  
said to

like as not tackle fact  
excelsior  
spotting in oddity

crowned crowd  
a formament  
caught ought to ought

black ground up  
subject to but change  
charge change

more mortal rotations  
per past  
april aroll april

(red thread  
wound on a bobbin  
in a shuttle)

than any uncanny  
great green bell toll air  
forbear

or bear before  
lute future reft to tale  
once noble

doubly terrible  
founded dead  
toward untold plot part

blot part not  
before bald folderol  
by dint of

art past pact  
bold toil to be Lot's  
total dream

a tool  
made out of thought  
pillar of salt

long songstress'  
centuries spinet hence  
for proof

'at most not lost'  
beings of  
gained singing  
  
(rounded up)  
pipe out  
to stem the tide  
  
a palpably aping  
full tilt  
kept happy at  
  
plural rapt  
appetite  
optical as possible  
  
apparent to all  
compassly as passible  
for act

*ARK 42, Lot's Pillar II*

"were the tops  
of the mountains seen"  
almost prosy

'fata Morgana'  
storied  
rung on sunnier rung

rose up catapult  
a comma  
Popocatepetl

props apropos  
an epic  
hoist poison apple

pure nonce  
for once  
announce its stead

plunked down  
no less  
clayed miracle

than one  
Great Draughtsman  
drawing conclusions

anemone mnemonic  
to the least  
loomed am

set sail  
splice mighty  
breeze

sky new  
stooped up  
almost as mast

"builded lustre"  
but subtle habitation  
else

turned worm  
pale gloried moon  
pull morn

squared fate  
set stone  
at rounded end

earmarked  
'shell lay the wave  
for lyre'

a whole nother  
albeit  
bird thou wert

Old Mossback  
himself  
mark time

catching the sun  
(O all it's cracked  
up to be)

avow I've  
vortex omnivore  
loved

one lyric  
alptly slapstuck  
contraption

hung fire  
on the boards  
untimely template

tossed flame lamb  
wing it  
plus massy lion

(nor Sodom  
nor Gomorrah  
more)

not yet quietus  
high browsed  
egged on

heady meadow  
led up  
Python through

Typhon bled  
fled axe  
glance starry axle

Occam's razor  
eyes lathe  
our ways unwobbled

Holy Perplex!  
& Sanity  
surreal as Hell

haply Kansas  
down thereabouts  
toe Ark

unstoppered sands  
last past  
bloom for bloom

never after  
rest stasis rest  
be leaf

for monster summers  
slammed wind  
on weighted bough

supporting nest  
blast force  
against the grain

again again  
and then ungainly  
plainly resist

able to plan  
tapping white cane  
dancing for rain

kin of Theseus  
unparalleled  
bliss abut abyss

precipice  
holler precipice  
honed patter

utter pap  
not deep lap deep  
pry up us

as Milky Way  
bat a fly  
celestial grandstand

so impelled who'll  
puzzle how  
'in the world'

crops up  
lip pillared  
a statable estate

ARK 44, *The Rod of Aaron*

*rose might of the winds  
blind fold  
shadow forth stilt thyrsus thus  
who once have sung  
snug in the oblong  
soon life bright spent*

Planted at stake  
Old Sarpint  
himself, bent at the outfoot  
everyday Arbor Vitae:  
*turf fit to burst  
shall see us off.*  
Holy Ghost  
praise be, knocking bedrock  
like the screen door  
in a dust storm,  
pitched Lord knows how  
all of a piece  
peculiar grace  
  
*that yet  
brancht forth.*

ARK 45, *Spire of Limbs*

*set forth another phoenix,  
took up the body of its father  
held fast, flue nest*

soar  
apex tier  
to spell the race  
in a time unlettered  
life span  
handly placed  
•  
gamut  
so closely woven  
a man deemed nameable  
the spark of  
youth fare  
adult conflagration  
•  
I resurrect  
bled slab  
of countryside  
in cliff of chisled  
grassy  
tract elect  
•

pace a pulse  
in fact  
great tiger space  
few years  
shape and illuminate  
partaken heart  
•  
mounted leeway  
stone angel  
slow how beat a wing  
clad!  
mid aegis  
unstinting grace  
•  
nonplussed  
the years it takes  
to've carved  
one toe  
blueprint even heaven  
just so  
•  
much song  
in little compass  
bole  
onwards  
told somber  
thunder old of surf:

Limb admit  
(nor stay the Fates)  
rooftree  
galore belief,  
A Ring of Changes  
wherein shrine and quarry are  
bold upright on the line  
as Stonehenge.  
Bent, however homespun an harmonious idea  
Mount  
maypole Pleiad  
*rang merry a peal, O*  
tuned bed-rock  
as light is emitted smithied bare  
— *lux lucet in tenebris* —  
and not a nightingale loosed but on noon,  
vying  
to every song  
incalculable equilibrium.  
As well you might  
arch garland all the worlds

each disjunct gate of sands  
acquaint us, ancient in accident,  
still news  
that leap and pale the soul  
accorded man  
from gaol to goal against most august flow.

*at root, where buried matchbox sparrow*

DED 4 GOOD  
BUT NOT FORGOT

ARK 46, *Fountain I*

Straits  
legion and ingenious  
put to the uses of blessing —  
eternities guessed yesses  
in the long pull,  
voice propel

a	H	b	c
a	b	H	c
H	a	b	c
b	a	c	H

full spent, stepped lips pour  
lap stone brim,  
fate fall  
eye free to summon  
in the thick of things  
a realm

s h  
a p e  
s

abound enobled

ARK 47, *Plow Spire*

*for Ashland, Kansas*

Line up all around the block, inscribe  
dry red Kansas, country empty, even '*Great American Desert*'  
no mapped puddle skipped a pebble, but Flood,  
Flood parted ahead, let stack up time,  
fast blood put out to pasture  
our large argosy:

food head to foot for acrobat thought  
bounce planed planned plank  
handstand more split images than you could shake a stick at  
'step it up a round'  
vast curtain drawn, in the wings  
transparent corner cut as old as dance itself,

as if body twirled by a finger, prowess  
such as seed put earth tap out tumultuous sun 'succeed', who  
land upright, incarnate  
inaccurate curves rebounded, redoubled errand  
tomed solely new  
simply of everything else.

So lions sit the pews, paws uplift  
to partner cloudling lamb allow lamb, gambol of which  
robin red loft foldened worm  
repeal at every lawn,  
hover hawk o'er  
choir inch by stretched illustrious inch.

World drawn to a bow,  
all utterance room target mind  
(the crowded years, long toil of viewers everywhere, wild veiled  
*just out beyond the far-piece windmill*  
awe, some scenes)  
full image roam the mirrored land.

'Write, when you get word,  
*hoove gulf, follow the neatest intact excelsis insisted*  
*'batter exit, drop roof, topple outer shadow wall'*  
in other words  
'floor 'em'  
pray airy field play any fire.

The Concert Grand of morning flat out 'taking up serpents' —  
it, like Rilke's angels sparrowed afar  
incalculable catafalque

heart's pitch, duet, vibrato, phrase as  
Arcturus' cipher, script.  
Upon the very leaves veined time writ large.

Would nary bud fool blaze  
but hoodwink cahoots, owed mood  
not doomed to day by day but domed in aced act, accrued  
what most play thought throughout, old land —  
such lilac none,  
most likely handed on:

Doughty: "We look out from every height, upon the \_\_\_\_\_  
over an iron desolation;  
what uncouth blackness and lifeless cumber of volcanic matter!  
— an hard-set face of nature  
without a smile for ever, a wilderness of burning  
and rusty horror of unformed matter  
  
... odd barren heaven, the nightmare soil  
that startled conscience within  
such elemental stature  
cosmogonic sleep swallowed up the accident gnat of soul awares ...  
appeared, riding as it were upon the rocky tempest,  
at twelve miles distance ...

Standing from the morning alone upon the top of the mountain,  
that day in which the great outbreak began  
I waded ankle-deep  
in flour of sulphur upon a burning hollow soil of lava:  
in the midst  
was a mammal-like chimney,

now long formed, fuming  
with a light corrosive breath, which to those in the plain  
had appeared by night as a fiery beacon  
with trickling lavas.  
Beyond was a new seat of the weak daily eruption,  
a pool of molten

lava and wherefrom issued all  
... time tossed aloft, and slung into the air, a swarm  
of half-molten wreathing missiles ...  
The air is filled many days, for miles round, with a heavy rumour,  
and this fearful bellowing of the mountain.  
The meteoric powder  
  
rains with the wind over a great breadth of country  
small cinders fall down  
about the circuit of the mountain,

the glowing up-cast of great slags fall after their weight  
higher upon the flanks  
and nearer the mouth of the eruption,

and among them are some quarters of strange rocks  
which were rent from the underlying frame of the earth  
(5,000 feet lower)

— upon Vesuvius, they are limestone.

The eruption seen in the night,  
from the saddle of the mountain, is a mile-great

sheaf-like blast of purple-glowing and red flames belching fearfully  
and uprolling black smoke from the volcanic  
gulf, now half a mile wide.

The terrible light  
of the planetary conflagration is dimmed  
by the thick veil of volcanic powder falling, the darkness,

the black dust, is such that we cannot see our hands  
nor the earth under our feet,  
we lean upon rocking walls, the mountain . . .  
at a mile's distance,  
in that huge loudness  
. . . the eruption is at an end."

### *The Majesnehry*

*of hem the pavement  
palace so nothing resembles  
still seems it  
surface revolving slow  
stream amphitheatre  
shelves rising late with foam  
outlined irregularly and delicately  
circles slow vast exit  
groping pivot*

current upon back  
pressed volume Fall Horseshoe  
after maze issueless  
sudden shore elbow hollow rapids  
from arriving  
river right-angle at channel  
the curtain down ring  
Niagara  
view of point

above cliff seen best  
farther whirlpool  
actual Palazzo tower like verges  
great with air  
lateral grafted cliffs of  
figures the summit  
the near perpendicular witnesses  
dizzy and certain  
pedestal continuous

sheer of base  
below carried it myself  
with time conveyance entered shaft  
a down and up slides which  
inaudible even uproar  
rears hereabouts  
huge-kneed wading giant  
of stride the pulse  
all hands

clasp nameless forms  
suspense expanse  
huge stretches immersed to look  
farther from little  
water on pinned water piled  
crystal and emerald compelled  
to columns  
walls of likeness  
spectacle whole

green gulf  
admits summit spray-blackened  
rainbow classic abutment  
left cataract music  
you here itself  
the lions of menagerie heard  
matter of passage  
imagine rises poised  
white Parthenon  
long forests listening

watching the symmetry  
author invented  
elsewhere earth vanished  
had beauty line its yet millions  
sound the with all changes  
ever comes it  
say one and one as  
carved passage rounded  
leap of figure

act the Fall

*Memorial Day, 1981*

Organ  
ism  
— as leaves lightness behind it —  
**mirrorim**  
quintessential  
incarnate  
Idiosyncraties  
said to claim us angels  
(plain daylit ghost  
on the glass harmonica applaud praise be)  
one knit trove  
as if forever pulse in hand!  
&  
trumpet any treetop  
Pantocrator

What need be said  
read like a sea at scroll  
bounding  
curled prow  
'behind, ahead'  
as a wave unravel  
rays to azure stanza,  
allow  
my syllable.

Poems plain  
as Presbyterian pews,  
tarrying angels  
page, on page  
sat in great hymnal  
— eons in flight from font.  
Fireside beings  
mayhap  
o'erlapping

some lazy Sunday  
summer sermon  
(lost lilac, lit shellac  
oak altar  
due rude plenitude)  
one afternoon  
even the humble fly  
buzz anthem  
Christ:

theme, ice  
when fire is done, slow  
fell furnace  
forth us hence  
in faith,  
banked to the last  
rim-ember  
grey with time  
aglow.

Sun, psalm heft  
checkered pied-green  
upwards of a mile  
late farmland  
primrose abysm — cliffs  
part cloud —  
'Old Saw'  
shook out awful cuff  
(of what if)

perforce  
No Artificer,  
so absolute sway  
straw phantom clay?  
What mighty flaw  
make faith?  
That day

was Kansas

Ozymandias.

## ARK 50, *Adamspire*

that this is paradise,  
odd words in legion  
beating around the veritable bush  
years shape and illuminate:  
when the great cats purr  
so closely woven,

when sparrows hedge fled field  
one sounding cloud,  
when down the wild wind ride  
*Galapagos, archipelago!*  
eagle dodge eagle  
and tigers scatter cage

according to their lights,  
burn each thy word  
to crowd at last on life in full  
— the elder the earth —  
Sky Line Blvd.  
uphill all the way

*never were there such roses  
under the banner of summer,*  
never such  
beautiful hullabaloo  
hello down well, clap upper cloud  
passed muster

to stay the spell,  
never this horse of another color  
on such goldened a road

find voice,  
invent interior face  
(I mount to save my very hide)

raised all likeness  
kindled, not knuckled under  
as one seize it  
— howe'er humbly cobbled an order,  
a universe sprung free —

probeable as possible  
be, but bear  
at most the least belief  
proud sprout pry ancient any brain  
again gain again  
intimate unto the inanimate

*tossed world*

ARK 51, *Rungs I, The Pencil Spire*

pencil spell  
lead point  
crystal to the letter  
“rubryk poured in sum littel shelle”  
incised upon boned instant  
years summon days

incited bees  
bent luminous one giant flower  
proclaim shed stamen  
who'll nominate full moon now sudden noons  
nouns placed upon lost air  
and we besides

where bring whittled gaze to bear  
inevitably believable  
ignited locus  
glass spied big as all outdoors & more  
pinned down  
shaggy and majestic born

out on a limn  
(allowed numinous detail)  
piled salient soul  
dust itself accelerate earned dance  
imaginations shone  
august

stars scattered fist  
find furrow  
mankind electric  
now risen as if a list of everywhere  
*fiat lux*  
words sundered swell

led augury  
shaved whistle the wind  
(loft deed sped out along through time)  
arrived thus suitably choired  
thrust tantamount  
THIS I DID

chandelier floors asway  
linear hinterland  
out proximity's azure sprung excelsior  
room enough  
if race the first white lilac  
to gain full day

verve ever  
teeter far totter  
stampede an unstoppable last topple  
also colossal lent cohesion  
who survive to tell  
no quarter

definitive inventive  
evolving voices  
welcome earth bloomed the bloody same  
as all us in it  
body too  
pulled birth through death

sprig *sternum*  
that which muster spirit  
priest "meeting of the visceral arches"  
via man plus bird  
last resurrect  
All Wed put to tongue

we say the deed  
putter ape amongst syllable  
though angels sit plain chairs there  
to kneel our dead  
repeat Utopia  
farfetched out of one head

apostasy

ARK 52, *Fountain III*

Ask  
emboldened  
ladder  
propped  
up

(as  
fireflies  
filter  
lilac  
spray)

bluest  
earth  
wherein  
all  
starlight

angels  
walk  
abreast  
amazing  
beast

■  
 tall talk  
 viz.  
 "barnstorm, boom, boost, bulldoze,  
 pan out, splurge"  
 speaking as new-sawn boards  
 rung upon rung  
 nailed pile  
 pinwheel parent's span  
 pure guts

puff goes the roof  
 seized up firm ceiling  
 hats off  
 stellar-skew-swung-first-from-core  
 fisticuff — uproar  
 stall, to box, to tier  
 applause  
 (and stomping from the wings)  
 then sentience

•  
*ride herd*  
*lone el dorado*  
*vowed*  
*tempered exemplar*  
*owed none*  
*exampled awe*

■  
 all up to date ado  
 betimes  
 rub elbow  
*amphitheater*  
 — swell round of vowels —  
 apace  
 plus pulse,  
 plus pulse.

*for Bucky Fuller*

\*  
\* \*  
\* \* \*

"The sight  
of a great  
suspended,

swinging  
crystal,  
huge, lucid,

lustrous,  
a block  
of light,

flashing  
back every  
impression."

Conjure lesson  
from the  
ground up,

mortal coil  
lock horn  
galactic swarm,

domed horizon  
measureless  
as Zion.

Plain feats  
lept fact  
incarnate day —

elephant delicate  
trunk up  
grassblade &

untold greenery  
stood sawn  
geometry

while cliffed  
whole countryside  
mount gust

an Acropolis  
still told  
withholding reason.

Any spade so  
terms soil  
in season:

swans, worlds  
withstood  
Odysseus,

Osirus lift  
limb by  
sparkling limb,

bold Helen  
died and gone,  
again.

As mole toil  
to loam  
antarctic pole,

least testament  
expound  
plowed clay

take place!  
of more  
than flesh.

Any universe  
at all  
island enclose

atoll,  
disguised unto  
Hesperides.

Sever the  
ever veiled  
however evolved,

Mt. Out  
before the hills  
hard-kneed

'manfaced'  
lion, ox  
or eagle

heel!  
be chariot  
of Deity

— deny not  
doubt by  
human debt.

Remove above.  
Vault earth  
devised,

at once  
announce full  
Arcady.

\* \* \*  
\* \*  
\*

ARK 54, *Jugular Spire*

so on to  
entity incarnadine  
elicit succor

consequent state  
soul echelon  
stance roadside tree

compose sonorities  
past sense  
as compass new

a ball propose  
thrown now  
in azimuth machinery

suspended view  
through keeps unveiled  
interior blaze

lost kingdom come  
a blink ago  
to so on

ARK 55: *The ABC Spire*

*arrows*  
*answer*  
*around*

behind beheld  
beyond belief  
beings belong

become beacon  
enable belfry  
baffle bedlam

c a r r o u s e l  
C a t a c l y s m  
c a l i b r a t e  
C a r n a t i o n  
c a r p e n t e r  
C a c o p h o n y  
C a t h e d r a l  
c a s t a w a y s

D E E D  
W I N D  
D A I S  
D O M E

egg exalt  
exact end

ear elect  
eagle eye

f o r g e    f a b l e  
f u g u e    f i e l d  
f l a m e    f o u n t

f o r t h    f i r s t  
f l e s h    f r a m e  
f i n a l    f l o o d

GATE  
GIST  
GOAL

*Hoist hand  
hallelujah  
human host  
Hesperides  
Holy Ghost*

I s  
i S

JIGSAW  
YAHWEH  
JESTER

kite knowhow  
kilter keeps  
knell kernal  
kaleidoscope  
keystone kin  
keeled kyrie

l o d e s t a r   l y r e  
l o o m   l a n g u a g e  
l e t t e r s   l i m i t  
l i o n   f o r   l i n e  
l i t   l a b y r i n t h  
l i s t e n e d   l e n s

mask mind  
mass mesh

maze muse  
mast myth

n n n n  
n ODE n  
n ODE n  
n n n n

*oar*  
*orb*

pry Psalter  
phrase path  
pen Pyramid  
pleast pulse

q u e s t e q  
u a l q u e s  
t e q u a l q  
u e s t e q u  
a l q u e s t

R a r e  
E r a R  
e a r A  
r e n a

S C A L E  
S C E N E  
S C O R E  
S E N S E

tell time  
tomb turn  
tide tune  
tale tree

universe unroll  
ultimatum union

unriddle upshot  
unhinge unknown

untie umbilicus  
uproar upstairs

v a s t  
v e i n  
v i s e  
v o i d

*wake window*  
*who whistle*  
*write water*  
*weigh whale*  
*weave whole*

exxxp  
axxxn  
sxxxe

Y Y Y Y Y  
Y e e e Y  
Y e t e Y  
Y e e e Y  
Y Y Y Y Y

Z I  
O N

ARK 56, *The Balanchine Spire*

I  
upon pled balance  
ball and thunder stance

torso so snared  
mid alphabet of dance

a sentence  
suppose apotheosis

•

no modeled pose  
nor absoluter posture

forth torch  
any two truly atwirl trust

aplomb untold bonus  
cast anew

•

I am the dancer  
a cumulative musculature

lifted into clasped  
circumference

swansneck  
standing elysiums

•

I am innate  
lineament mimed  
at whose impetus lucidity  
wring trial

a give of bones  
wholly avoirdupois

•

sky held  
fabled ambassador

abiding grace  
sustained trajectory

wide swath the stars cut  
to spin all tale

II  
from whose top  
radiated scrolls  
and branches

congregate  
to seed a name  
(sings who a time)

plow shadow  
as man has always  
plain ahead

to shuffle off  
elbows ahoy  
terrestrial shell

easel lassoed  
drawn on  
by elemental beasts

leaved homunculus  
among them  
curled as moon

all souls perched  
the arm  
of father sun

toe put  
Anteaus-like  
blue earth

to mention death  
with angels  
won

ARK 57, Rungs II, The Gaia Spire

*and all about her*  
*the light began to grow*  
her for whom Gods themselves  
become men again  
(so rose wrapped red within thorn  
flesh map Sun)

Gold paw uplift gold ball  
out of the obsidian  
where dolphin nose far lapis deeps  
one scarf of silver  
evolve love  
swept awe in sex so seamed

great Oliphant  
S-raised trunk gained silhouette  
in trumpet an oldest day  
while bear by claw  
mounts namesake starry pole  
all nights fall circle

white Swan sawn whet waters  
pulled V in rings  
reed beyond read reed  
wings flat out  
dragonfly hesitate spied sentence  
till punctuate lit deep

throne heartbeat  
catapult pulse past how locate truths  
(some Whale of a difference)  
faced aright  
to slay the slow Wurm  
thru planted heel

first off the perch  
hawk wedge world incandescent  
as of all waterfalls eyed combined  
(and doubt  
nothing it finds there  
nor sparrow hid)

soft go great tigers  
Canary Isles  
pace way illumined nightingale  
(whose terraces far colors from stars)  
waved serpent share  
one roadway grown

hare electric  
lone deer poise encandled of antler  
pursued dread hounds  
quail in covey shadowed oak  
*Isle du Lac*  
burned to the ground

Anno Domini  
dwell thou in dust  
bring us mud-amoeba-immediate-lark  
or dove in hand  
then one whole first today  
tomorrows burst before

from thunder of zebras  
on the roof of the world  
to Death Watch  
ticking whose wall  
*Our Lady*  
ply yet yr drums about my halls

. . .

Upon a time once  
placate how ultimate met daemon  
CALL ME  
ARTISAN  
pressed on to  
no absolute beatitude

sprout image  
against shaved grain  
led to the margins of light

ARK 58, *Balloon on Being 50*

(by letter)

Keats to Shelley —

“load every rift with ore”

Zuk to RJ: “S Okay!”

Advise Chas O: “Steal the stuff”

& me to me

*sail we manmade reservoir:*

revise, surprise,

suppose

around a year  
today I sound  
future a face  
rafter of air  
heart's feats  
found edifice

ARK 59, *Spire of Liberty (Torch & Arm)*

diadem windows

Colossus'

rayed brow illumine limb aloft

crowned harbor torch,

wide gateway

embody Liberty

give voice

armed! with a book

*name us a land*

immense so

any may summon

ideal plumb,

no man

apart Muse,

to infinite knowhow

bar none

in march on

sudden horizon,

won prow

headstrong

stern dreamer

*for William Hibbard*

"Will light us down  
to the latest generation"

— Lincoln

vast smithy spray  
ignite to day  
scribe sky, spark clay

\*

years past  
ladle fire forth  
last air

all earth before  
above belief  
beyond compare

\*

manifold!  
behind shut eyelid

a luminous continuum  
banner any mind

aloft again  
goal anew

embracing swarm  
face onto sun

circular and reciprocal  
I name you the One

resplendent core  
utmost of man

\*

arose a battleground:  
rows on rows of roses  
wound round and round

\*

doors of the letters  
ring foundry  
of this word turn opened  
heights within  
reveal world  
however you hammer it

smelt afternoon  
stair sight  
as radiant hierarchy  
midday pulled crown of stars  
in full essay  
apse dawn

\*

fire whistle ice,  
"luminary of the mind"  
Ultima Thule  
as-if-believed  
honeycomb, threshold, hive:  
streams bee realm

\*

behold  
a hairsbreadth  
up the sky  
  
exploded sod  
plowed to  
cornstalk plume —  
  
win own soul  
who tend  
soil rocketry!

\*

lead us on  
inexhaustible dust  
  
as if doubt not  
belfry men

kick trace  
O mote immortal

\*

let up the blinds!  
spilt galaxy  
as bullet shear gnats' swarm:  
every angel on the lawn  
an avalanche  
yet trigger apogee

\*

of  
goal  
consumed

led  
animal  
hoof

up  
cobbled  
orbit

be  
lit  
proof

of pyramids, a  
myriad afire  
set out to swallow dark  
in a nutshell,  
back in the Garden  
no Fall before  
self left  
asway fate's work  
"sun cut off  
at the neck"  
Apollinaire!  
Apollinaire!

\*

gear aerie  
the real article  
heaven fled to ledge  
limb unsealed from limb  
for wings'  
alert machinery  
& wield a torch  
as sphere  
held arch of time

transfigured moat  
grasp ear  
in chalice host

\*

rhyme twine  
mirror rim mirror  
to remind mired any mortal  
stiles arrayed,  
choir  
prise air

as quicksand  
snowball in Hell  
ethereal,

hail an  
all hinterland  
equal quest

\*

nested cycles  
receding as apple blossom  
to the head of a pin  
inkling windfall  
curve of wave, cave of air  
asunder unto Rubicon

off and running  
wind in arms, rove forever  
target galaxy  
swan above lilypond  
*atelier*  
man, the dreamed by God

\*

fanfare  
gyroscope elms

rolled down  
from rooftops

sewing East  
and West together

the heart  
at crossroads

kindle  
tissue lark

clandestine  
knit antipodes

\*

older than aire

*Astarte*

who walks! the world  
amid spied blazon of sparrows  
pray hold flourish  
lyre & voice:  
one dusk's sped fireflies  
caught ajar  
*jardin d'hiver*

\*

bedrock  
lone furrower  
soul, soil

deep tried earth,  
cell tackle  
creed

— Thistle Electric —  
bled raiment  
enfold

knockout summons  
*jeu d'esprit*  
unveil

new window  
cavern  
oldest brain

ricochet  
sill, portal  
'who seize be mortal'

great  
white stars  
of hemlock flower

\*

from on high  
far and wide  
tide of fire

\*

thus spoke  
threefold arranged

treed angels  
(vow wood viols)

larynx, in phalanx  
laurel prove

whirlpool  
woodwind grove

O bow!  
clear-of-net

and drums, above  
pave way

\*

light! light! light!  
summit, cradle  
in ecstasy of palimpsest

font acup core,  
peel back dark the more  
and knock every door forth time

\*

seat  
chasms  
pinnacle

ever  
raindrop  
candle

domain  
afan  
empyrean

*ARK 63, Builder's Spire*

On the road to Samarkand, to Xanadu  
Sam Palmer's  
"little dells, nooks, corners of Paradise"  
tented with light  
(deep in the Antipodes  
fix identity)  
straightway every jot & tittle  
count like a bell  
rung out bold under hammer!

Blazing casements,  
electron a-chisle stuff  
of thistle, stook of hay against set sun  
& every edgehog spark out day.  
Noman ribbed anew red clay, figurehead prairie  
to walk abroad  
ripped lightning thru oncoming dusk  
miles from nowhere  
till the moon swallow sky.

Carousel, lid to world,  
ends arm in arm  
liver & lights on cue summon pulse, us  
weld cataract asear such bronc  
as attic rooster  
with escape hatch (steeped) crow.  
Plains dawn a ramparts dimmed in just & golden maji.  
Seek humanity dogged  
in the footsteps of Sphinx

alive anew, alike unique.  
There Orpheus ask up Euridice —  
of winter tumbleweed  
all summer unleashed upon one goldenrod  
to naked eye,  
earth air water, afire  
'faire dandylion'  
maybe monkeywrench a millionth untold tangible  
— but beauty bare,

green grass writ Sanskrit  
to worm below as well hawk a speck beyond cerulean.  
All stone to flute aspire  
(“Thunder & Blazes” on calliope)  
to speed the race  
sez Old Hocus-Pocus  
above round of moon and new under the sun,  
twice the height snail cosmos  
lantern become:

torch held ceiling cave  
in charcoal, ochre, sinew scrawl  
forebears’ “you must change”  
(thereby in target, might distant stars abound  
attained delight)  
doors opened through thrones of space  
— each cell a panoply  
thumb of time —  
seated center many a bubble.

*ARK 64, Rungs III, The Lilac Tree*

emerald, the front porch swing  
down yellowbrick road  
sun orange beyond the barn  
— Tornado Rose —  
beings stept forth in geode amethyst,  
nor atom blue of dust lost

starboard  
both sound us  
celestial incident,  
ancestral dance  
newclear:

up to now  
escutcheon noon  
Noah, Ezekiel — noun & verb  
slacking and fastening  
slap-dash past's  
*non pareil*  
untold stories deep  
"drawing room"  
stripped not incidentally of identities  
to crack the puzzle  
(an unexplained  
oneness, ornateness)  
truckle we mortal  
quest all edged existence ask

here, rhyme may be  
anywheres  
stubborn timber  
splinter off the very orb  
our fabric itself  
*light raiment*  
a pattern of rafters'  
it is it was it will be opt  
tho browsprit Night,  
'dome's day'  
mount perennial herald!  
4 winds in the shape of beasts bucking tide  
whisker the Complete Combine Harvester  
in every tumbleweed  
caught wind to barbed-wire:  
Kansas Aweigh  
keel manifold, sped bones in colloquy steep wheatear  
Land Diver  
bound round the world  
dawn bandshell  
no bright deed remembered laid to rest

loam wherein held we steady sail  
who fold our dust close  
sparest of forms  
resurrect an Ararat  
ever recarved  
of the visible curved universe —  
for if hell indeed rein time stood still  
and paradise thus daily fall  
unlikely wings  
on usual shoulders,  
scrawl on my stone *bois d'arc* pulled off Great Plains  
*tour d'horizon*  
— Pegasus every point maximum surface —  
ATTEMPTED THIS LADDER FOR ST. JACOB  
ASTRADDLE BOTTOMLESS WELL  
R. J. FECIT

“<sup>11</sup> And he lighted upon a certain  
place, and tarried there all night,  
because the sun was set; and he  
took of the stones of that place,  
and put *them* for his pillows, and  
lay down in that place to sleep.”

ARK 66, *Finial for Ez*

so Ossa  
pale upon  
Pelion

# THE RAMPARTS

67~99

*for Guy Davenport*

MOVER & SHAKER

“whose terraces are the color of stars”

— *Extra Pound*

“you who have your own light”

— *H.D.*

*ARK 67, Arches I*

swung garden gate  
(so winds spool the poles)  
vase within vise Dissolved Mts.

feat of attention  
unfold roofless, footloose  
mined inmost cloister

hewn new to the edge of world  
gold columned harbor,  
prides of lion

start-to-finish  
“and in the flesh may see my God”  
apex twin helix, wave

Kore float atop fountain  
hung no weight  
earth yo-yo below,

a field! of telescopes  
challenge horizon  
backdrop reality's windmill

cities cleft centuries' rock  
no angle of repose  
left to the imagination

uprisen inch  
concentric so of keystone,  
peak swallow peak

thus spake twixt cloud:  
*spade thou this cold ground*  
*to speed the dead*

all night about, above  
to hear brush angel's wings  
against the door

errand at hand,  
over and above old periphery  
winding up affairs

astride all blizzard  
dive optical pool  
till intellect wed syllable,

acrobats of sacrosanct  
peel back the skin of earth,  
Aurora Borealis

(parlance spare prairies  
innocent in concert  
beyond which splendors abound)

and bounty, adamantine  
spilled coin  
support withal cathedral wall

sunstone / moonpool  
deft channellers patterning air  
in anarchic plan

survivors of the chase  
smelt undersea,  
frozen in circulation upward

*blind beyond such Boundary*  
arrow thru apple  
I spy pulse threshold

*toe ankle knee waist*  
*spine to neck*  
*wrist finger elbow shoulder*

wing way domed rock  
turning gray realm red clay  
*alight Euridice,*

struck salt at tuning fork!  
brandish flesh  
exalt passing the day

head into fray  
Great Door at an End of Sky  
up, down or to and fro

high time traffic anew  
innate theophany  
foot it storied, solid path

make way thrust soul  
in night above,  
full sun come out to sing

in the name of man  
exempt skied fire nor icy floor:  
*jamais à la même Chimère*

— vaults wide even for heaven —  
pageant in cascade  
quite overlooked before

imagine intelligence  
suitably bound,  
foray far habitable worlds

face of the deep  
starred all-over-wave  
arched out, within for keeps

We Who Are To Question  
everything abeat frame of time,  
all wronged right

whole cast of seed  
sift heights unmeasured  
threading a pendant atmosphere,

earth's sun set red, pale moon  
at hand on either side  
bearing the beam

*such were her apparel  
and her ornaments*  
paraphernalia implicit reality

(horsefeathers  
stashed ceil in the darkroom,  
an ocean of sparks)

Shadow about cast  
throughout fire everlasting,  
*mot d'urn*

feet plant moon  
consumed by such assumption  
needs must be fabled,

that the dead put breath to men!  
ripe for it  
the crowded years

ARK 69, *Arches III*

Make passage an age,  
succession of infinite strokes  
reality's thread

enigma gained  
—whelmed by doubt, undone—  
no skylark nest hid

long windrows  
overleap ebb and flow,  
window valves revolved of stars

on wings magnetic  
blessed majestic Borealis, pull  
earth afoot, transformed

by molecular ornamentation,  
evoked as vocal  
coriolis iron filings

bow and lyre, minutest  
reciprocity  
riff Harp Star pure Sickle

wordsmith, way forth  
the old grammair  
break dawn across foothills

pale the horsemen hurrying by,  
mistletoe uptree  
holly hung bright in berry

head above water, lock  
dust to incomparable dust last  
trapeze ecstasy

likened to ice *ignescens*  
crystal of precinct,  
crucible an imaginary structure

transcendant razzmatazz  
(things upside down on water)  
dizzy with unison

burning to write  
hedged in by raptors  
worn thin, tinder of paradox

all else holy whirlpool  
or ceaseless absence thereof  
at base of spine

become wholly speech,  
heaven by storm  
coil and recoil axis mundi

fourfold self cementing  
boundless genesis  
in step with periodic reversal

known door pure blur, undular  
for dear life  
nail put under hammer

bottomless shone angel  
daffodil, asphodel stride hill  
the nick of time

proof we might all sit still,  
no matter the whirl  
made into Eden

ARK 70, *Arches IV*

on the plains' road  
to the tower  
pray hold flourish rainbow lyre

who fell or flew at will,  
a spring there holds the Deluge  
athroat rock

"placed in the luminous air"  
full arch a sky  
hack path out to sea

head beyond horizon's  
inside bend to  
vanish lock & key, illustrious

in large measure  
seated (by the by) in flame  
ever in another sphere

wondering where swim I am's,  
zenith Kansas  
vs. eternal city

in furnace of seeming  
free mind, hurled athwart world  
once Kingdom come

if step aboard  
eyes, language of flight  
(every space borne inspection)

every shape reply to a force,  
here where we were  
seismic avenues aligned

taken wing, time being  
a dream of stone  
hinge wedge lever incline pulley

to build a temple there  
without floor, roof candle bed  
mind into window

spit image, means to some end  
in echelon ion  
where ladder = knuckle

why knot thus: so as  
upon a time once phoenix in fact  
halcyon elude hatchet

“in this yard  
— you could break your neck  
looking at a star”

trained choir, inlaid semblage  
proof beyond wed soul  
mankind undamned

built literally out the dark,  
Walled Demesne  
cut enigmatic figure

Stonehenge, marble core of moon  
by tall winds sawed  
long ago planted far field

cave cut behind waterfall,  
gift blind life  
bud multiple new eye

ARK 71, *Arches V*

*Death of R.D.*

so, absolute for Citadel  
deny tonight abed  
ends coming for to carry us home

brook no delay, er-  
ect sundry those bones anoint  
sweet pomps used Adam

Hanging like a sword  
fresh in mind,  
poise hand at ultimate potter

back days to one Bang d'time  
reeling so atom in  
engoldened archipelago

now reft even of what might come  
Swing low sweet chariot  
no more, mourn not

surf upon isolated worlds  
pummeled into sand,  
legend to persist fleet light

shook fan, like a telescope  
marbles + brains  
wrong way looked through

awash immense an azure egg  
ranged out palpitant darks arrayed,  
& tigers burning

Intact as effigy,  
windmill stood face plain  
tablets applaud far climbs of man

to elevate the status quo unite  
Replenish yr land,  
nor diminish dimension

new thought won bannered ledge,  
green shoots through ashes  
escarpment plunge

self to persist, pretend  
Time abut Font  
watchword accumulated attention

"like silver smiting silver"  
H.J. on the harp  
behind order, Utopia cut figure

nonpareil infinites  
sculpt snow, plumes of steam as  
braille pause swift event

light struck handsbreadth air —  
if life maintain not lift  
I wreath bequeath

pressed into wall!  
trumpeter swan how signal dolphin  
abreast far outer spray

wound into ball about us  
crow eclipse sky  
In the valley of the shadow of

fair trial by fires, in vitro  
gathering life  
a breviary of universe

luck spoke volumes  
Was not vs. This is, in arm's way  
O pioneer alpha evolve zero

embroider shroud Apollinaire,  
lay Mallarme ghost  
& walk to heaven foot treed bloom

stitch soul Emily but banner Walt  
— hound of the Lord  
sniff-footfall belowground, us

gill aghast new shores,  
*gloire* against air  
in use 'with the greatest of ease'

Psyche, task asker  
species splintered asweep masthead  
pinwheel unzip the deeps

rooster intent new risen day  
as Jonah enter whale:  
don't dare take your eyes off it

impersonate slid universe,  
thumbtacked to sky  
shunt in our bones rhetorical fire

by ear so Olson said, mote's art  
incalculable transparency  
'man model of world'

encoded as if life at fork:  
not a whit one mightn't want about  
but beacon lodestone

ulterior hereafters  
"a green yew brome sweepeth cleene"  
legerdemain in the Elaboratory

exeunt great porticos,  
hanging fire a colossal cohesion  
sawn unhewn rock

as wheat bend sheaf to wind  
woven only of words,  
angels so close candle's blown out

both-blind Fortune & Justice behold,  
behind luminous presence  
scales from the eyes

into pool of being being  
*hommage floreal*  
ripple to what Ends ring going, gone

descant I sidereal  
as discourse, stars ports of call  
all men the sky must ride

Fool to tell truth only —  
undersea city engulfed rung bells  
spy-hole on prairie

whistling up a wind  
flamearcsnowflake amplifier  
Aldebaran, Orion far, or Pleiades

shall we gather at the River Inner,  
pouring from a cup  
four corners of the earth

## ARK 73, Arches VII

“By turns aloft, by turns descend below”  
*sortes virgilianae*  
to mark the man himself become

Oar sea supposabilities  
hourglass, compass  
each spark intersect fled permanence

take Death in our stride  
the stars arrayed each soul in stead,  
iconic balustrade

Or so I see it, afar  
fair game for vigil elegaic  
*that which makes the journey with you*

through field of golden pollen  
click the ruby slippers  
“where light shaves grass into emerald”

all hell broke loose  
to take a candled heaven by storm,  
see each star Osiris' limb

Sound they about us:  
dusks' every thrust athrob together  
at syrx split infinities

rained down in daily radiance, no  
never did hoedown jamboree  
so strum flesh harp

rung out but harbinger of  
believe, believe, be Live above!  
& bluegrass all about

globe consuming itself, say  
brain by spinal Chord  
to pierce new universe thrice on

Pulse, thumb plucked upon  
time strung celestial circuitry  
inset eternal nerve

meddle new bearings,  
prescription for sentience —  
each cell array galactic vertebrae

*Dream: homestead bound gothic  
grafts archt cherry, plum and peartree  
leaved to periphery*

*Dream: ask poster hung  
above a bath tiled cobalt blue,  
counsels Sage, accepting their prize*

"never did eye see sun  
unless it had become first sunlike" i.e.  
an architecture, music frozen

Mozart to the rafters  
intersection many a trail met  
as hourglass, wreath/chalice/sceptre

or interpret its spaces so as  
axis sphinx, on wings  
egg center maze, scales midst fountain

a window's light laid sheaf of yellow  
lift us threshold zenith,  
*ever the leveler*

“and something more I saw  
left off understanding, around bend  
encircling world

Words lie like boulders on a page  
woods black as clouds,  
blood durable as aquaduct

no surface bare long —  
earth covered deep alphabet  
this spring laid open with my hoe,

down stream, eyes levelled at you  
assume a true sphericity  
and bay the moon

multiply deeds within, a cynosure  
that every star might fall  
into its proper place

being, the great explainer  
as if the earth spoke  
and heavens crumpled into time

vast glow-worm in fields of ether  
as if answered its end,  
tail curled about your vitals

sea of mowing, seeing no bottom  
leaves ply and flowing fill up path  
and thunder near at hand

like summer days seen far away  
golden comb, successive lines of haze  
set fire to the edges

a crow's wing in every direction,  
very deep in the sod  
bursting a myriad barrier

as if a cavern unroofed  
this great see-saw of brilliants,  
oclock strikes whipporwill

swayed as one, from I know not what  
see stars reflected  
in the bottom of our boat

chandeliers of darkness  
I saw sun shining into like depths,  
both planet and the stubble

within compass of a spark  
the flute I now hear  
on pinnacle, to the end of days

Wing horse, the veery trill  
go about search echo  
mountains already left these shores

I look under the lids of time,  
left without asylum  
to gather a new measure

through aisles of ages  
art, every stroke of the chisel  
enter own flesh and bone

without moving a finger,  
turning my very brain  
reflected from the grass blades"

*ARK 75, Arches IX (from Van Gogh's Letters)*

"Picture it! black nets  
spread over enormous circles,  
white heat of iron

headlong into reality,  
turned inside out, upside down  
on the road now before me

in the dizzying tangle,  
a ditch full of violet irises,  
countless buttercup

full quick as lightning  
deluge of mind,  
entirely absorbed by nature

a spot from which one can see  
everything become visible  
torched moment,

in a few short strokes  
your days numbered,  
not destined for the worms

earth—flat—infinite  
Horses and men no larger than fleas,  
every little speck A Millet

silvery sky above that mud,  
to make headway  
*outside the paint*

Imagine then —  
The door is wide open  
from one night till the other

And that, before I close  
my eyes forever,  
I shall see the *rayon blanc*

at the back of it all  
ardor and fire,  
reality too stands gold vertigo

I have rented a house  
yellow outside, whitewashed within  
in full sun

I shut myself up within myself  
like a lighthouse  
on an unshakable basis

a terrace with two cypresses,  
a nameless black  
charged with electricity

Wishing to see a different light,  
exile and stranger  
I am dead set on my work

we exist neither for one thing  
or for the other  
but to prepare the way,

chaos in a goblet,  
great figures of angels  
bread ground between millstones

on that terrible emerald sea  
rising up to the very  
height of frame”

ARK 76, *Arches X*

riddle iota sublime,  
and know no more  
than when cast forth garden

a city built caught straws  
if clay hold up,  
*millefleur* to the shore

scrutiny, full honeycomb  
many thousands feet thru rock  
beg quest thereon

towers cliff *ad finitum*  
capstone continent,  
sea stretch from last species

amongst a summer's rose,  
leaf round leaf face inner core  
move source target

unto last sheaf reaped  
cairn for the dead,  
spread many-colored a carpet

magnetic congeries of genes  
made-up of answers,  
meanwhile flinging new question

bareass us barreling nowhere, now  
inevitably believable  
yet having whale of a time

strung lute, sunset  
katydid throng hollyhock  
(order too stacked for the odds)

blue horse, yellow shadow  
enough throw scarlet off geranium  
bloomed windowsill

on path The Secret Garden  
equator of blessings  
N/E/S/W where Dancer = Carpenter

asleep on Jacob's pillow stone,  
flame imprimatur  
before oncoming night

where heat sweats wheat,  
"for purple mountain majesties  
mend every flaw

thoroughfare for more than life,  
above the fruited plain  
thine alabaster cities gleam

in gold refine thy soul,  
crown more than self  
impassioned stream beyond the years

for spacious skies shed grace  
America! America!  
undimmed by freedom sees"

tuningfork unison one violin bow  
an arch, in resonance  
lept fire to mind in choir

enquire, enquire  
bells rise enisled off the deep!  
Sat In Great Hymnal Font

*ARK 77, Arches XI*

steeped in makeshift  
"one that loved the sun,  
and sent its root down deep"

bare record of the word  
umbilical, a fellow carpentree  
stand but in my head

too much, too soon, fast epitaph  
Opus Twin Opposites  
helix matter in own right

medallion of spun glass,  
sentience itself testament as  
ability toll bell

earth spinning its axis  
two veins & artery  
counterclockwise brain's coil

rib of white whale  
to tail pulled blue-eyed lion,  
in the middle of nowhere

astride one great divisible,  
*aurora borealis*  
thru backward of time

mute, numinous  
set to number howmany streaks  
on each curl of a tulip

swimming upstream to Messiah  
hook line & sinker  
arrest in crystal, flow

the wine-dark sea  
any Odysseus order as wave,  
if snail crawl equal lightspeed

where beast, rare  
upon Isle of the Blest reside  
shrouded in accuracy

behold stage to stage,  
the curtain held  
to last pounce intelligence

& revolve about one one's body  
almost above notice,  
while soul practice nail

any stretch of imagination —  
to rise and cry out  
like putty in your hands

breezes, Hesperides  
feats under great spread wisdom  
to speed the day, mold clay

pitchfork the un-sea-sing  
and moon stupa sun,  
leverage veritable deepenings

actXity sunder brainstem,  
storm in the head  
countour everything believable

"fraction wave through fraction,  
reaction solve reaction"  
inVerse salvation

ARK 78, *Arches XII (The Hymnals)*

"tell us, Watchman of the night  
the raven fire celestial  
clear trumpet call

firmament to climb,  
Who snare the clouds their way  
Shaping a larger liberty

upward still abreast the grave  
that turns not back,  
manifold the depth beneath

banner streams The lion's mane,  
snow-crowned One wreath  
in bulwark panoply

Clearer still, and clearer rise  
legions Circle round  
in regions Past imagining

Of the other side, hosannas  
the fence ablaze  
an endless Alleluia!

Upwards I fly, beam uncreate  
God be in my head  
before beat closing eyes

exulting strains  
wing my words, that they may  
Laud the cup eternity

Till not a stone  
was left on stone, lift voice  
from tempest: Carpenter

anthem, east to utmost west  
Out of The Cloud  
Fanfare pole to pole

City not made with hands,  
rent asunder  
Forth seraph gates

Where light-years frame elect  
the Pleiades,  
And point Orion's sword

unfathom'd, green Jerusalem  
terrestrial ball  
built unfurled a Dream

Above the darkling world,  
towers Widening sway  
the rending tomb

!stones themselves would sing  
in comet's train,  
interstellar corridors

footsteps sunlit snow at sea  
plane, litany, lathe  
enraptured main

Peal, in Triune Architect  
pure tide confined  
pulse antiphon amazing veins

Lead me all my journey through  
Wellspring crucified  
path open, fountainhead"

ARK 79, *Arches XIII (The Hymnals)*

"descend endless realms:  
No broader numbered measure  
Than man's mind

chariot beyond compare  
mid silver shield,  
and rolled on wheels of amber

strip I the wind on every side,  
clust'ring spheres upheld  
far reason's ear

face to face sun  
bare ashes, so blind an alley  
assembled star by star

O for million pinion tongues,  
set apart as cornerstone  
over and around us

Where apes swing angels  
Three in One, and One in Three  
high Skyward wide

words and signs the arches rang  
upward still in threshold,  
vast order ranged

Rise up Interpreted  
crowned flame in borrowed time,  
one teeming net of blood

to terminate illusion so,  
snow on snow stair steeps of light  
dominion mirror clear

sewn radiant hem  
who robe a luster within, Ah!  
out every corner sing

o'er multitudinous abyss  
is, and is to be  
dare tell all speech denies

Wrecks endless of storied time,  
old world made new  
as footsteps ride the wave

ply us, six-winged seraph  
Alpha and Omega  
cherubim treed sleepless an eye

Kindling anew line lifted of sea,  
perfect in messenger  
table spread ember hid vow

view fount of life  
peal gates of pearl, gates of horn  
swimming topaz entwined

all hallowed, ageless amethyst  
in the land Of  
the glorious Body sing

unseen yet ever near,  
sung in unison  
stand revealed full man exalt

adorn from chaos' swarm  
thirsting beyond bound circle,  
soars up Paradise"

“Gray wakes clad green,  
tenement of clay  
to put forth matchless rose

seed Marvels all sung globe  
harp hung crimson bough  
Inspired epiphany,

beat sword plowshare  
bled spear, To pruning hook  
snatch diamond teeming mire

Till rise and set no more  
unmoved, all motion's source  
scan livelong night

Finger put whirlwind  
consumed on high, wing words  
they seas might wrestle

rapt in vision, fiery pillar  
Name all names above  
a rock on which to build

void bottom, brim or shore  
image swan darkness  
Driven from wondrous frame

mansion beyond swelling flood  
anthem sparkling raiment  
evermore, Magnificat

Water break forth starlight  
a crystal pavement,  
brightness bowed as stone

from each opening vein  
to lift our eyes  
inmost page apostle, prophet

assembled essence  
to let the world go by  
watchfires knocking the door

Beyond the dark and narrow,  
chart and compass  
the bright immensities

breadth 'yond perpetual length  
Dove, Consummation  
never ebbing Pentecost

all our aim ends  
of one piece, and woven  
lamp hasten old blossom center

clap hands, clap hands  
to remotest golden sands awake  
in Cradled prize

unseen yet ever near  
Quickened elect,  
ripened transcending partaker

shrined within,  
thirst countless number  
though round destruction walk

strike, host to host complete  
snow-crowned hosannas  
forward into light"

## ARK 81, *Arches XV*

Noah on board  
(Dialogue between Eddy & Flo)  
agenda: eternal purr

aardvark to zebu, two by two  
dove proffer olive twig  
— intuit summit

come plain to inhabit  
bedrock America,  
speech stretched unto Babel

one in many, ring in a pool  
(thought bytheby  
hitherto impossible)

eternal triangle,  
Present fulcrum Past Future  
scythe through harvest

*gods come to earth here,*  
warp shuttle woof  
white robes like fluted cloud

World Pole, blue ladder  
with dandelion whelm old lawn  
pinwheel at the top

Emerson, pilot County Clipper  
"give me the eye to see  
a navy in an acorn"

(out of almost nowhere,  
a leaping school bold dolphins  
appears alongside)

first dance! then choreograph  
Brain teamed Sperm  
partition fired partition

astride, as burningglass  
full face company  
'& plant there trees in three'

where preacher bird  
perch loftest branch, to hail  
far come red burly suns

voluntary, irrevocable  
born of ocean to puncture sky  
and die pled blood

synthesis surpassing synthesis,  
ride whatever whirlwind  
"splinter very orb"

sun on the rigging  
bound beyond Cape of Good Hope,  
upon the good ship *Praxis*

ivy wrapped round thyrsus  
consensus: scatter  
bright spear twined wheatsheaf

feather, sun, and Holy Ghost  
to state it! man alone  
exfoliate felicities

spun roots strike flint,  
*arbor vitae* come full circle  
even six feet under

ride gained ring of fire  
erase, reinforce  
red came the rain down that day

shot right to heart of rumor,  
bush burning inner bush  
gather new measure

electric with infinities sped  
steel, salt spray  
La Tour Eiffel in effect

primeval survival  
sharpshooting Chartres  
fed the old, eternal furnace

by dawn's early marigold  
attend always zenith,  
contained of spark a compass

every stroke of the chisel, air  
in speaking distance  
enter own flesh and bone

you see whose pews are whose  
a deity *en plein aire*,  
grace laid rest

thus Chopin: "continuous  
and even as a hair"  
thistle inside out upsidedown

all years it takes,  
code splice forth astonishment  
bowed gut the only speech

exfoliate unfailingly  
rhyme as mortar,  
always a little dizzy each step

giddyap then here and now  
any-when or -where  
— the rest may be Jerusalem —

mane of wind as Adam of clay  
*logos*, thunder of hooves  
flat out the land

earthwhirl, *Cirque*  
*de Soleil* striped blue/white  
on rockinghorse universe

any rag-tag and bobtail,  
your name written all over it!  
absolute brouhaha

wherein hierarchies of speed  
stagger the senses,  
stones astonished light

decked boondocks  
— slight flint flight sheath  
surround us, evangelick

experience all plowed in  
arrowhead of flame,  
makes room lucid heaven's root

as a wind streak empty prairie  
capstone to spire  
steed, aleap tumbleweed

ARK 83, *Arches XVII, The Ramp*

*for Glenn Todd*

A siege of herons and bitterns  
an herd of swans,  
of cranes, and of curlews

a dopping of sheldrakes, a  
spring of teals  
covert of coots, gaggle of geese

a pedelyng of ducks, a skein of  
geese, muster of  
peacocks, bevy of quails

a congregation of plovers or  
covey of partridges, a  
flight of doves

a cast of hawks, a wisp  
of snipes, a fall of woodcocks  
a brood of hens

a building of rooks  
a murmuration of starlings, an  
an exaltation of larks

a flight of swallows, host of  
sparrows, watch of  
nightingales, charm of goldfinches

a pride of lions  
a leap of leopards, an herd of  
harts, of buck and deer

bevy of roes, a sloth of bears  
a singular of boars  
a sounder of wild swine

a route of wolves, a harrass  
of horses, rag of colts  
a stud of mares

a pace of asses, barren of  
mules, oxen team  
a drove of kine, flock of sheep

a tribe of goats  
a skulk of foxes, a sett  
of badgers, riches of martens

a ponder of elephants, a husk  
or down of hares, and  
of rabbits a nest

clowder of cats, a shrewdness  
of apes, labour of moles  
*all in the same boat*

"You shall say a hart  
harboureth, a buck lodgeth  
a roe beddeth

A hare seateth or formeth  
a coney sitteth,  
and a fox is uncased

Dislodge a buck  
start a hare, unkennel a fox  
rowse hart, bowlt coney

Hart belloweth, roe belleth  
hare beateth, fox  
barketh, wolf howleth"

so roareth handprint Lion  
"there sits fire  
with the forest in his mouth"

so spouteth whale  
no letup or brook back,  
on long unconscionable musics

Down to the wire, strum plenitude  
stranger from birth  
Occur. Transpire. Effect.

artifact, from artifact  
Perfect of Kind  
pryed out ardor increase order

double to that which is,  
bringeth shadow death to light  
secure as morning

surrounded by splinters of fire  
all covered with flesh —  
earth winged in sun

catwhisker-met universe  
one skiey baliwick  
like unto palpable Empyrean,

handlettered bandshell  
both Leviathan, Behemoth sport  
amid too few days

claim of the vast  
that real article/particle  
sometimes seen as One

*like eyelids of the dawn,*  
yawneth crocodile  
to coax anew the sun

meadowlark afoot,  
wide the leafworld roll forth  
who knocketh fiery door

Among dross, treasure  
out through far back of night  
from star to star

Comes then Conqueror Worm,  
come bones of earth  
come throes of change upon us

summon the vale of flesh  
through granite vein, call up  
again first gaze

comes giant tread of Sphinx  
comes whirling axe,  
dark hand emerge Abyss

scales so near another  
no air could slip their weave,  
maketh path to shine

hast thou clothed his neck  
with thunder  
who swalloweth ground?

answered whirlwind:  
he taketh it between his eyes,  
not upon earth his like

ARK 85, *Arches XIX*

Craft, to seek renewal  
askew all question  
& exit in resonance genesis

passion for truth,  
mutual ritual channel energies  
to forge again moon sun

Velocity, giver of forms  
actual vehicle  
through higher tighter a fire

passage exeunt Blake Gate,  
echoes of the first story shrine  
faith in experience

Accord fertility  
most immediate a source,  
still point of turning world

empty, and of an air  
extraordinarily swift and clear  
— cataract into crucible

bear witness,  
who live out their dream  
down to the ground

beheld above the sky  
skull rampart,  
sprout aburning bushes new

unconquerable paradigm  
bear witness, all too mortal  
tiger by the tail

happenstance, pulled in dance  
tumbleweed electric  
o'er everyday a prairie

sonar of reason  
interlave whale plunge Whole,  
become illumed periphery

leap hoop utter unknown,  
pearled cloud hurtling within  
both rim and door

bear witness influx choir  
in "thousand celestial ardours,  
where he stood"

elan, spread noontide  
elm-filled night  
magnificent of insignificance

*as home is you being yourself,*  
hearsay state sane line  
to greet the day

Talisman, alert  
"directed at the nameless  
innermost & incessant" choice

whistling down the wind  
husband a land,  
self bound furrowed horizon

bluer as hill rise above hill  
apportioned lot, behave  
who Art in heaven

wreathe sagebrush lilac  
heart's ease, celandine entwine  
trillium chrysanthemum

larkspur tigerlily  
nonesuch mother-of-thousands,  
rocket with tansy twirl

honeysuckle coil heliotrope  
wistaria, anemone  
cockscomb within clematis

weld phlox amaranth  
saxifrage asplit the rock  
to eyebright, aster and galax

jewelweed jump-up Jacob's ladder  
andromeda, daffodil field  
trefoil angelica

holly, yet hyacinth weave  
clover o'er arrowhead  
jack-in-the-pulpit tumbleweed

ivy twist up sunflower,  
daisy whirl iris compassplant  
snakeroot hellebore

bindweed into waterlily  
spin ranunculus,  
pearly-everlasting eglantine

lavender broider violet  
braid foxglove fleur-de-lis  
azalea, bergamot

speedwell balm dogwood  
rosemary memory,  
burning bush/touch-me-not

gentian ply geranium,  
ply thistle to Solomon's seal  
orchis whistle-up calamus

of crowfoot, dandelion  
of firethorn peony periwinkle  
construct a wreath

plait laurel with poppy  
sumac, pitcherplant  
tulip penstemon trumpetflower

candlewick maidenhair  
bittersweet acanthus, nonesuch  
plait milfoil life-of-man

bird's eye blazing star  
rose goldenrod  
ladder-to-heaven, Joseph's coat

lily of the valley  
briar bird-of-paradise,  
zinnia any stonecrop allyssum

skyrocket steeple-bush  
lion's mouth, scarlet lightning  
upstart wormwood

bloodroot twined red hot poker  
nightshade, asphodel  
all gathered in a garland

ARK 87, *Arches XXI*

and bid yr ghosts to revel  
here and now with us  
again, yet feast

as gave blood to shades  
Odysseus, gone down sea again  
up out of Erebos

swarming from every direction  
hordes of the dead,  
under earth of wide way

every insect a-hum  
of imagination, figment  
though summon up grass itself

say, ransack psyche  
ouster of shadow a Host  
Camera Obscura

errand to speak a truth  
Shaker of Earth,  
Helios who sees all things

gravid with *lux*  
put spine to feathers  
far, the rafters and back

over the bannister reeling  
touch match to pyre  
you're it! Amok Deus

*Starboard*, framed boat  
step ashore different world  
multicolor of wheel

shroud shrug shroud  
as glass vessel cloud over,  
soul moveth the waters

spirit crowd ahead, upheld  
vaporised harpsicord  
torrent on hot surface

(O lost in adulation  
no, never anon  
commit one memory to flame)

impact planetesimals  
ripe for gravity  
drawn to face of the planet

fireball flung cold depths  
of space, bombard  
molt crust from within

come to surface  
covered broad blue oceans,  
chain of extinction

hit meteorite spermoi  
tulip of flame  
galvanized, gulping oxygens

sun blanket rock floor,  
put up great building blocks  
acrown our path

all things writ here  
incident crater simulacrum  
— inact last day

cue: the end of a thing,  
signal for another  
as clue unroll ball of thread

cosmos sprung puissant  
snail's pace primordial soup,  
march on horizon

down maze of shade shaft sun  
open any a door —  
and all is technicolor

without lifting a finger  
inhabitant Hinterland  
transmission, instantaneous

through aisles withstood ages,  
cirrus-winged horses  
just lighted on the earth

fled jonquil many a dawn  
all sky above alive with larks,  
immemorial parliament

down through thunderclaps  
and vortex night,  
a-molecular curlicues

incandescent coruscation  
pillars of fire  
on plinth flesh, named hymn

posture outright,  
and every torrent sonorous  
contagion evangelical

without asylum left, path  
lift us up to zenith  
at length become fixed stars

replica of the upper room  
(the lower as yet unfinished)  
charisma, Chimaera

register canticles,  
every atom once within a sun  
sailing on reflected sky

*lilies, immaculate of field*  
*I have considered*  
and yon tigers thereof

Collect lights as possible,  
slice day to see  
broad range spun night

from rock, life crammed  
gateway any-pulled sea shore O  
hell bent for space

still footprint souls  
diadem split within tablet,  
centuries afield

Suspect the core  
Suspend laid law  
Surprise the end

cart me out, Ye galaxy  
each eye afixe d turre t  
flying the marble kite

## ARK 89, Arches XXIII, The Cave

up from the bones of earth,  
hew plasma stone  
eye lent by granite

middle of a lake  
scroll on malachite scroll  
topaz city, Samarkand

downdrift X'd celadon,  
calcedony zephyr  
sapphires surpassing rapture

Perfect in detail,  
one opalized reptile skeleton  
(found Australia 1909)

One snowball geode  
lined within pyrite phantoms,  
in shape of the earth

One bloodstone panorama  
whole starred sky,  
beasts portrayed in porphyry

luminous and ominous  
open cupboard of chrysoprase,  
set lapis-lazuli as Seas

Beneath the surface  
root hexagonal crystals  
upward, many multiples a water

seams aflame in luster  
— Mind amid a play of colors  
banded impurities

cut readily in all directions  
taking high polish,  
universal building stone

an Age of Bronze,  
ores of peacock copper  
tarnished with iridescence

Mercury wrung cinnabar  
rooms prism rooms  
pillars of basalt, obsidian

quartzlight, mother-of-pearl  
cluster bristling embryo  
self caught in amber

heavens gem Clay  
layered, full play of time  
days onyxd with night

Stir moment alabaster!  
Pour cup silvery  
Step chance by needle ends

memorable pebbles  
rolled mountain torrent,  
arrested prime amethyst falls

emerald, revealer-of-truth  
noinnerfirehid ruby  
fit for a King's finger

hands mirror diamond maker  
Adam, engoldened  
enter into the Grotto

ARK 90, *Arches XXIV*

meteor lay floor Concordance  
*here death shall have*  
*narrow dominion*

flood mirror ahead  
(Immanence trebling within)  
lilac, fireflies' abode

free'll buy you nowhere  
"a Florida adorable"  
if you don't shoulder bounds

sunrise youth's imaginings  
road out of the plain,  
bicycle yr Ozs

The Great Gaze Bonfire!  
aspirant no thread Ariadne's,  
yet pant for breath

refraction light of surface  
aleap rare Deeps,  
antler locked antler

or gazelles of faculties  
sprung to mind, full catapult  
hit after direct hit

carried in language of music  
— great tangible images  
to pasture far Mars

algebra the farbetween  
and neverbefore,  
bore through canopy of time

rock basis of space,  
*winged chariot hurrying near*  
to forge ahead New World

just rim the edge of it  
wind wave & stars  
Life: re-electable cohesion

bloodstream backtobeginning  
forest of thorns,  
so knock the Messenger

our eye on a universe  
set in the eye of a raven,  
Master of Revels

ring up dawn upon dawn  
and bring suns down,  
The Greatest Show on Earth

yes, magic carpet  
made up of propeller runways  
and helicopter inroads

falls-leaper, water-walker  
thoughts held the race  
in Wizard blazonry

held like a Banner,  
dixieyankeedoodle sparkler  
shining ever a distance

if Gods there be to address,  
read out *scrupture*  
released planet's snare

*Memorial Day, 1990*

## ARK 91, *Arches XXV*

Off top of my head  
seed, honeycomb, vine curl,  
shells, snake on branch

mind in orderly array —  
forms molded trial & error  
living out suitcase

the tide and toll of time  
plus pull of space,  
*snowstorms by starlight*

*a landscape of Simulars,*  
*where shape sort inked shape*  
old as the hills

lept dolphin-wise,  
plow many psyched that sea  
absolutely unbottomed

balance the raftered known  
so knock The Messenger,  
*a door open on*

so steady a prestidigitation,  
any scene summoned  
swirled forth first core

each one faster than the last,  
angels upon ladders  
vanish Archimboldo elms

wild card shot human deck:  
Maypole of image  
& compass indissoluable

to oar the Uproar!  
yet cross to bear, row to hoe  
hollering down town well

knock in the dark  
*the key to the horizon, yours —*  
*don't lock up behind*

yet only by secret handshake  
under the Mallorn trees,  
and get out fast

(a roll far thunder)  
furrow albeit ready ground —  
Seasons taken for a ride

gallop, wrapped the world  
bold Aurora Borealis  
all in an opening of a drawer

"these trees will be my books"  
*over my dead leaves . . .*  
hide how we can

face of the deep,  
stars through unmeasured  
heights of pendant atmosphere

only winged imagination  
cement horsesense,  
no fall of an apple unforeseen

Unfolding worlds before us,  
atom become unto flesh  
branched pitchfork

up from springs of earth  
Windmill many exists, armlift  
fanned single flame

revenant, lost hearth  
annoint renewal  
Host of Makeshift, Inn of Sand

one sniff of the Rose,  
one step beyond timberline,  
*in snare of stars*

(taking off, in quiet bustle  
angels small as moths  
assemble Saturn)

scaffold, Mappemonde  
a door open upon  
gold bees now cymbal struck

on lovely a roll  
worlds in a drop of water,  
Eden hid an eyeblink

as curled wood forth plane  
announce carpenter,  
won intricate vernacular

wrestling the abstract  
incised on dreams, mankind  
barbwire identity

“from morning to bed  
I go resounding with music”  
— complete astonishment

Sphinx, tricks up sleeves,  
one perfect day  
comes trial beyond fire

wolf at door, vultures pounce  
bears in our cupboard,  
mice under floors

“I walked the other evening  
to the end of earth,  
touched sky with finger”

shook foundations belief  
*vis-a-vis de rien*  
gaze tunneled inward,

eagle burst through window  
hurtling cottage  
a panic of darkness

Then when Mahler dropped  
exhausted on a sofa,  
a crow flew out from under it

dread apparition  
... so knock The Messenger  
haven, one battlefield

strummer beyond  
The Sunflowers stand aside,  
mirrors turn to wall

goals into bloom  
in conscious, inexhaustible  
corner asylum garden

ARK 93, *Arches XXVII*

*for Jess*

blown dandelion, soapbubble  
beyond the pale  
“miraculous eclipse”

to draw attention  
— tapestry of enchantments  
another Think coming

specific, yet metaphorical  
jigsaw in overall flux  
integral to Realm

hive, radioactive  
The Garden of Forking Paths  
pasteup switch pasteup

emblematic and magical,  
*Look into the glass*  
pattern upon opposed pattern

converging & diverging heart  
heroic Narkissos!  
1,000 figures on a swing

versions = visions  
(adjacent heraldic phenomena)  
eyes under earth's lid

reborn throughout range,  
Orpheus in asphodel  
bonds electric hide-and-seek

universe as mirror dimension  
— what might not happen?  
gathering Alchemies

Soul carry us on  
impassioned, waking destiny  
follow childhood's ball

dissolved slant happenstance  
at play, emblazoned  
full populace unbound!

a community epic, cyclical  
hung in the balance  
stream sweet Time

Vanish ravine, Reveal peak  
barbed perimeter  
shapes throng a span

thunderous incharged cloud  
“about to wake up”  
mercurial, inescapable

rapture and beyond  
*pass by, The Prince of Araby*  
figured out held flame

flesh asudden possessed  
arm in arm the swarm  
shoot the works, ‘Ifs’ embraced

carried panoply circumstance  
disjunct abundance,  
zones Imaginations fill

appear “great blossomer”  
stars reflected minute pools  
Seraphic multitude

ARK 94, *Arches XXVIII*

Inhabitant fireline  
each step a leap in the dark  
— earth buckle underfoot

new landscape explore  
i.e.  $a + b = \text{etc.}$   
down to finched square mile

blue cliff waterfall,  
thrushcall encompass vastness  
Rose x Skyline

grainfield with grasshoppers  
led Nextdoor Nowhere,  
swept away in avalanche

Snowflake, own stronghold  
equitorial upheaval  
(so poles gather new measure)

as starry asylum,  
cypress lined blurred lamp  
temple on the edge blank plain

unlearn passage of night  
unlearn sight's maze,  
insist pavement astronomical

nether mown galaxy,  
every leaf catching the sun  
(look at looking at it)

peel far end of the sky  
inch paws darkling,  
phalanx Excelsior illustrious

how stone encandled rose,  
how agate-edged unto Aldebaran  
ultimately triumphant

gaze, whorled rule of thumb  
led brush Cezanne  
surge long toil of grace

What will I tell in it?  
but jolt amazements of being  
wholly imagination

in logic of a dream,  
as Klieg-light shafts cloud  
hierarchies of Most Real

enlist radiant continuum  
whose name is Legion  
vault home, we've no choice

multimelodious at combustion!  
of dandelion aperture  
heel struck crystalline ray

headlands, Ultima Thule  
compass swing ablaze horizon  
cell trigger cell

torn limb from limb,  
tightrope unscaled heights  
appear before your Lord

thrust kindle counterthrust,  
matrix pale infinity  
garden, before The Fall

## ARK 95, *Arches XXIX*

*for Stan Brakhage*

access, accelerated day  
make Foundry ring  
delight! delight! delight!

doubt reduced to dust  
Nobody but demand windfall,  
due heights within

arcade cadence arcade  
fabric, one fluted blaze  
nested set of cycles respond

sounding sword, Heaven's edge  
full sight unsealed  
dazzle snowball in Hell

no bounds but belief  
Gods, who walk the world  
crosses intercross in a cloud

thistledown drawing chariot  
mirrored furnace of old,  
doomed Pandemonium

Old feedback bravado  
light, pulling all directions  
wound inkling down abyss

(filmed sea unveil sky  
up to chest, camera in hand  
Paradise *sans* lens)

(winds whistling off prairie,  
anointed leveller  
pyramid split infinities)

whirled round ahead  
cast forth eternal garden  
by hand, electric, of the Lord

banked with flowers, candles  
System (solar) discus  
as flies buzz rosebud bush

or dread hounds nose  
heart, any springboard escape  
body sundered by stars

soul's last sheaf reaped  
engoldened cairn,  
Maelstrom itself prolonged

riddled into gospel,  
in the Middle of Outhere  
locusts descending summer skies

the whole dealt galaxy  
Asparkling flood of worlds,  
treed silhouette

all tempered speed & distance,  
Damask in/out about  
great wings of blackbird

set down the Isle of Man  
— raindrop poised single leaf —  
wide crystal ball

wonders within radius, a  
dreamed Hesperides  
rare realms saved endlessly

"The silver light  
turned every blade of grass,  
every particle of sand

into a luminous  
metallic splendor, there was  
nothing however small

that did not clash  
in the bright wind, that  
did not send

arrows of light  
through the glassy air"  
wrote Ansel Adams!

All night, at golden hive  
busiest of Being  
lustrous intelligence

cast throughout darkness,  
tackling the eternal  
bluest guitar

set against Time  
roll back yr mortal lids,  
sentry of statuary

innumerable numinosities  
mind set ajar,  
thru wildering gyre

throat aloft, afloat —  
truths to the World's edge  
grace amazing tell

outside the door  
red wheelbarrow glint rain,  
Anyone might see it

let up the blinds  
as sap mount into tree,  
scribed lark in jubilation

magnetic, torch antiphony  
tail universe end/on  
waltz seasons all four

death sweet be not yet,  
I tread the stars  
in perilous anatomy

over bottomless pit  
only intricater,  
I thread evolving Heaven

“nequaquam vacuum”  
flamestich I symmetries:  
weaver oriole’s nest

I construct ahive  
suns one can’t gaze upon  
surpassing foresight,

*only Hand with Language*  
nothing unknowable  
fate, the Undoer

home everlasting  
(memory, tenacious anemone)  
await composer Sword

## ARK 97, *Arches XXXI*

Hero, arrow true  
(knock hallowed messenger  
how fashion destiny)

inherit chaos without a lid,  
the world made flesh  
‘Sermon of the Inanimate’

held fast in enchantment  
Eureka! sparkled ferriswheel  
inexhaustible herald

*harmonies, harmonies*  
breath to follow thread  
Shadow safe through labyrinth

further and further under  
harvest of shades,  
hanged by very thumbs

*Doubt myth of orchard*  
*Shape new wholes*  
*Alone, kindle known world*

angels bright-winged  
bear up the Host,  
humdrum how rush of being

athroat, thought multiplied  
inchoate *Son & Lumiere*  
rapt burning bush

hand over hand in path  
imperishable, blaze of self  
threshold Pantheon

Soul shook bounds,  
the invisible made manifest  
catharsis every corner

breeched bellies of Whales  
realm within realm,  
forth on a terrible sea

nor will Nought triumph  
unhorsed before firmament  
wishes: phenomena

as if before flourish  
innate hush of Holy Ghost  
— galactic nightingales

a breath interrupt molecule:  
scythe sunflower thicket  
archive anonymous

swift the years offer  
ever more difficult births  
lightning, a diadem

a shape-gathered darkness  
anchor of years,  
furnace behind the sky

hawk, heavenward  
hierarchy hurdle hierarchy  
if world enough & time

quintessence in chorus  
sapphire Hemisphere  
deeps, crowned with stars

Deluge needle's eye  
swimming rarest aethers  
a lexicon seek, ineluctible

each peak a torrent  
each span a spinning parterre,  
deep pit open each step

erased for sure, shores  
in splitsecond transformation  
a cornfield (Kansas)

dead set against order,  
tempest past tense,  
Unknown smashed smithereens

when all the winds are loosed  
four corner, cloven flame  
The New Jerusalem

in paen to the elements  
uproot Apocalypse,  
wheel within burnished wheel

swallowed by great Leviathan  
then eyes, awakening  
trumpets out every crack

few minutes left,  
Lord set me on fire to say  
persistence primeval

now and now forever  
is all we know of Deity,  
undoubted beauty

& ear to Orpheus' seashell  
far shelters beatitude,  
upheld decorum

*frome byss to abyss*  
all elements transfigured,  
give voice to prophesy

winged brow & feet of clay,  
anew dimensions  
cast forth plumed Death

in terrors of energy, elect  
sing Body Electric  
who trailblaze the mind

— only one small boy survive  
to discover universe  
an eyrie forever

then hold galaxies  
up 4th of July sparkler  
hid, O hid in the lilac bush

Manifestations: red sun  
once in a blue moon,  
yellow dandelions on mown lawn

great organ tones  
out center of the earth  
and hills escape their bound,

wave crash upon wave:  
cycle uproot cycle Hereafter  
thunder winedark horizon

## ARK 99, *Arches XXXIII*

Aship, reel in fountainhead  
enclosure of roses  
skies indigo, gold moon

Omphalos triumphant  
“only connect”  
end, point of beginning

of old, apotheosis  
chandelier *fond du lac*  
cross (mortal) hid boundary

compass beyond confines  
music of the spheres solved,  
mosaic of Cosmos

snowflakes lit darkest sea,  
bowsprit the deeps  
bound white antipodes

such conflagration of souls  
Dawn in Erewhon,  
corporeal cornucopia

one being, surround in bloom  
flow essential seed  
portal system Milky Way

as Unmoved Mover under orders  
*axis mundi*, ascend scale  
organism omnipotent

poised in flesh,  
awake horns psaltery  
Fanfare for the Common Man

mind set razor an edge,  
blood fulfill final ablution  
fire purify baton

Oompapah! to lead the band  
anystray orchestra  
knows who destination

core of the universe  
(so rings redwood of eons)  
gospel sentience

Lo! *allegro non troppo*  
remake mankind,  
a joyous noise into the void

"from going to and fro  
in the earth, and from walking  
up and down in it"

as speech arc Simulacrum, O  
chorus us Homo Sapiens  
in a major key!

tools, consonant & vowel  
to fashion a voice  
commensurate wheel of time

Origins great aorta  
leaved from the wrist up, but  
yet to attain the skies

all arrowed a rainbow midair,  
*ad astra per aspera*  
countdown for Lift Off

## A NOTE

To spend twenty odd years writing a poem, undeterred by risks and shipwrecks of those before, would seem sheer folly. They stand before me, great obstacles. Pound, only a long afternoon in Venice, waving his cane farewell in sparkling background the canal he associated with the writing of *A Lume Spento* . . . W.C.W. maybe a half-dozen visits to Rutherford, when a student at Columbia, rife with sparky theory for American vernacular . . . More closely, Zukofsky and Olson, braving new schemes for language — The Minimalist and The Maximus — such opposing poles of influence: parities.

But I knew I'd my own tack to take. If my confreres wanted to write a work with all history in its maw, I wished, from the beginning, to start all over again, attempting to know nothing but a will to create, and matter at hand. William Blake would be a guiding spirit: his advice to pay attention every moment: the very lightning, then thunder: a voice out of a cloud.

A turning point was a visit to Le Facteur Cheval's Le Palais Ideal in Hautrives, France. On his postman's rounds, Cheval claimed he kicked a stone one day, then suddenly conceived the idea of building a palace "like a dream". In one moment of vision he was Everyman who attempts creative quest. Later, Simon Rodia's Watts Towers, raising a new realm of mosaic from a Los Angeles slum, gave me a new armature of possibilities.

The idea of ARK came when I was able at last to conceive it a structure rather than diatribe, artifact rather than argument, a veritable shell of the chambered nautilus, sliced and polished, bound for Ararat unknown. Of stout pioneer stock, grandson of prairie settlers come to Kansas in a covered wagon, I grew up in no concert with ideas whatsoever, on land devoid of communal landmark, smack in the middle of a windy flat expanse of grass. Over such reaching gulf, who could resist constructing an Ozimandias of the spirit?

I wrote in an early note to *The Foundations*: "Let us imagine inside these covers, a monument dedicated *Bison bison bison* (Imagine it so carved) at base, and located if place could be put, on those shelving prairies between Ashland and Dodge City, Kansas, as a span between Big and Little Basins, centering over St. Jacob's Well. This near legendary "bottomless" pool can be looked up in *National Geographic*, but as I knew it in childhood it was a real magic place tales were told of as exciting as those from the Brothers Grimm." As Gertrude Stein said, "anyone is as their land and air is."

Literally an architecture, ARK is fitted together with shards of language, in a kind of cement of music. Based on trinities, its cornerstones the eye, the

ear, the mind, its three books consist of The Foundations, of which there are 33 beams, then The Spires of which there are 33 built on top, with 33 arcades of The Ramparts rounding the periphery. The first book goes from sunrise to noon, the second ends at sunset with only Mt. Ossa set on Pelion reflecting back light. The third is a night of the soul. My central myth is that of Orpheus and Euridice, the blessed argument between poet and muse, man and his anima. Orpheus, who made the trees bend and animals one with his lyre. Orpheus, the beheaded voice floating downstream.

To the left of the entrance of his Palais Ideal, Cheval erected a special niche for tools he'd spent near a lifetime wielding. It is one of art's most eloquent signatures. A sturdy desk, adjustable lamp, and typewriter is all any poet can claim for tools. On either side Cheval placed giants. For me these would take the form of Louis Zukofsky's poetry (via Mallarme) along with the prose of Edward Dahlberg, a mentor of Charles Olson. From them I learned music and concision.

Also, certainly Charles Ives who wove patriotic anthem and church hymn into his work, like breathing, was a major influence. The texts I pulled into the fabric of ARK usually identify themselves as such — as in the Hymnal Ramparts which are constructed from words and phrases of Protestant hymns. To be found is a scrambled Battle Hymn of the Republic and America the Beautiful which anyone should be able to pick out.

However a couple do not announce themselves except in their title. Palms, in section 21, 22, and 23 is made from The Psalms, word after word in sequence. Section 47, my quarrel with hometown, Ashland, includes a 'real' volcano spewing ash topped by The Majesnehry (Henry James) which reads his Niagara Falls backward to achieve a jet over it all.

*Ronald Johnson*  
*San Francisco, 1991*

Born 1935, Ashland, Kansas. Graduated 1960, Columbia. Lived for two years in England, walking the countryside with poet Jonathan Williams. Wrote a book long poem THE BOOK OF THE GREEN MAN re-inventing the traditional British seasonal poem, published 1967.

Under the influence of William Blake rewrote the first four books of Paradise Lost by making incisions in the text, published as RADI OS I-IV in 1977.

Awards include the Boar's Head Prize, Columbia, 1960. The Inez Boulton Award from Poetry magazine in 1965.

The National Endowment for the Arts Awards in 1970 and 1975.

The National Poetry Series Award, 1983.

Also Johnson has held the Writer in Residence at the University of Kentucky in 1971, the Roethke Chair for Poetry at the University of Washington in 1973,

The Wallace Stegner Advanced Writing Workshop at Stanford in 1991 and The Roberta Holloway Poet at U. C. Berkeley in 1994.

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